This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

RC
439
.S7

STARR
SANE OR INSANE?

STANFORD
LIBRARIES

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

Sane or Insane?

OR

How I Regained Liberty

By MARGARET STARR

"He hurts the good who spares the bad."

STANFORD
LIBRARIES

¶This Mad-house episode is claimed by the Authoress to be true. The originals of the letters are in her possession. It is a fact that her capture, escape, both court trials and her acquittal are records of court.—Editor.

RC439
S7

RC 603
S7

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
MAY 16 1904
Copyright Entry
May 16, 1904
CLASS A XXo. No.
88020
COPY B

Copyrighted, 1904
By MARGARET STARR

PRESS OF FOSNOT, WILLIAMS & CO., BALTIMORE

E.D.

Gratefully dedicated to those friends who so kindly assisted me to regain my liberty.

THE AUTHORESS

Preface

"Aim at a certain end."
—*Latin.*

THERE is not one word in this diary which is intended to slander or injure any person.

Its contents are herein made known to reach the better and sounder judgment of our Lawmakers.

"He that teacheth man knowledge, should he not know?" I also appeal to sane humanity's consideration for the insane, and for the improvement of all the conditions by which they are surrounded.

If under the circumstances I would refuse to publish this plea, I should stand condemned at the bar of my own conscience, as failing to speak a word for those who cannot speak for themselves; — as withholding help from the helpless; for the Lunacy Laws of this country, instead of preventing unjust incarceration, rather recognize it, and make it possible.

My friends, "you command me to renew my inexpressible grief." To tell of the life in the mad-house, "and of all the circumstances wherein I was a principal party." "Though my soul shudders at the remembrance, and hath shrunk back with grief, yet will I begin."

VIRGIL'S *"Æneid."*..

INTRODUCTION.

"The act itself does not make a man guilty unless his intentions were guilty."
From the Latin.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

SEPTEMBER, 6TH, 1902.

VISITING, as I was, the wife of Mr. A. R., who is the mother of five children, I had awakened, as was usual with me all the days of my life, with a happy good-morning to all about me; set to work like Martha, to be busy and interested about many things; and like the famous Mr. Micawber, I waited for something to turn up; but unlike that gentleman I was always on the alert to exercise whatever ability or strength I had to meet what did turn up, pleasant or otherwise; whatever fate might throw across my path. I mention this, for in all sincerity, I have never been what anyone could term idle.

On the afternoon of this day of which I write, I received a note which read about as follows:

MY DEAR MADAM:—

At last I have succeeded in arranging at least part of the affairs, which as Attorney, you entrusted to my care and attention. Be so kind as to be at my office at 4 P. M. sharp.

Kindly send message by bearer, if I may expect to see you.

Respectfully and sincerely,

A. B. C.

The messenger boy was dismissed with the assurance that I would comply with my Attorney's request.

When the note was handed to me I was sitting with Mrs. R.'s youngest daughter, who is a child of about eight years of age. The little girl is one of those wise children we sometimes meet in life, and I recall telling her the contents of the note, and asking her to give the information, and even the note itself, to her mother should I leave before her mother's return.

Having arranged my sewing, I determined to make that trip down town answer a three-fold purpose; first, to dispose of a package of laces and a Canton crepe shawl by placing them in one of my trunks which was at the house of my friend, with whom I had boarded for a year or more; second, to fulfill my engagement with my legal adviser,

and third, to seek "Katie," a protege, for whom I had succeeded in finding a home

The laces were left in my trunk, for my sewing and arranging of my costume was over, and after a few happy words with several of my friends I left for the Attorney's. On my way, I was joined by Miss C.; while I had no special claim of friendship on her, nevertheless, to my own surprise, I most earnestly urged her to accompany me to my Attorney's office. Miss C., always bright and ready, gave regrets with satisfactory explanations, and we parted.

It seemed a premonition of coming trouble for me, for, as I said, never before had I asked Miss C. to accompany me anywhere.

The third purpose — to see that my protege was sheltered — was never accomplished, for within a few minutes after my arrival at my lawyer's office, a gentleman entered, and within another few minutes both of these gentlemen informed me that I was to be sent to an Insane Asylum for treatment. In an instant I was at the window, and not even Blue Beard's sister-in-law watched more earnestly for a "somebody" than I did. No human being could be seen, so an attempt to scream on my part seemed hopeless. There was no hope for me but to make my escape, or find protection on the street. Arriving at the door which led to the street, I saw and hailed a police officer, saying to him: "Protect me, give me a hearing, let me tell you." As these last words left my quivering lips, the policeman came toward me, and a hand, evidently his, for my two companions had each of them one of my arms, gave me a decided, but not rough, push, and I was as quickly lifted into a hack. I was treated by each of my companions as though they really thought me insane. Not being willing to judge the act of these gentlemen too quickly, I determined to keep my nerves steady, and my wits sharp. In order to accomplish this ordeal, I decided to be quiet. This quiet was broken by the attorney, who announced that a Judge had signed a paper. "What paper?" I asked, "and what Judge?" But I was refused further information.

Within a few minutes a glance out of the window of the carriage told me I had almost reached my destination, which I perceived was to be Mount Anchor. This knowledge caused me to become absorbed in reviewing what I knew of that Institution. It is located in the county of ———, near the city of ———, in one of the earliest settled States in the United States of America. It was incorporated and organized under the laws of said State in which it is located. It is universally believed to be an invaluable Institution for all diseases of the mind, or any trouble needing rest, hope, treatment and nursing, that may or may not be curable. It has accommodations for about twelve hundred persons, and is conducted by a body of Christian women who use every effort to lead edifying lives, and have succeeded in winning the respect of peoples, and the Nations. So even if I were

being spirited away, the character of the Institution is such that the day I proved myself sufficiently sound minded, to be trusted outside of its control, I would be released or dismissed. My relationship with the private family with whom I had been staying about six weeks, my friend with whom I had boarded for eighteen months, as well as with all with whom I had come in contact for over two years, was of an agreeable character. My personal effects were scattered, therefore my disappearance would at once be noted, communications would follow, and I would be assisted. Believing this, I made the best of the conditions. My two companions, both gentlemen advancing to middle life, were carrying out a determination which was based on hearsay, gossip and misunderstanding, of which there could be no doubt. The one I had not seen for over ten months; the other I scarcely knew.

My effort to keep notes for publication has been a laborious one. Naturally my thoughts turned to the method generally found in other publications; but in consequence of the fact that we are each of us creatures of circumstances, I must give my efforts a style of their own. The necessary style of their own suggests my having an understanding with my reader. First, he or she must realize that I know no more of why I was received at the Institution than the reader does. Second, because it is composed of notes kept of the mad-house life; much of its contents being in a soliloquizing form, and about a few persons. Third, I must beg the reader to follow me through my ignorance of the Lunacy Law.

As brevity is to be my guiding star, there will be but few dates given to events. For the same reason, I will write only of that section of the Institution in which I passed my time, and of the treatment that I, and the patients with whom my lot was cast, received, and of the manner in which that section in which we lived was controlled.

In the midst of the life where the greater number of hours were spent hearing only incoherent speech, many circumstances happening in quick succession, yet distant and apart from each other, it is beyond the power of my pen to join those events and main stern truth, but occasionally a number of scattered sentences, following in rapid succession, from as many different patients, afforded me amusement. If while suffering from the effect of the greatest of troubles, which is the loss of liberty, these linked incoherencies amused me, the same may amuse or entertain the reader. Thus while I write of patients, I will, when these happenings occur, faithfully relate them. In referring to the acts and the speeches of the patients, I do so with feelings of loving respect and sympathy.

Before concluding these opening remarks, let me ask that my reader will bear in mind that I was under lock and key as a patient in a Mad-House, and at times must pause in my writings of explanation because the situation deprived me of any kind of power in the case.

CHAPTER I.

There is some supreme divine intelligence by which these things are directed.—CICERO.

BEING in the mad-house I looked around for writing materials, generally to be found in the parlor of all large institutions, but secretly I was watching the opportunity of getting the hackman to drive me off, for notwithstanding my consoling thoughts that the institution would dismiss me, my friends would miss me, and come to my aid, I was anxious to avoid spending one night in the Mad-House; but I soon discovered that trick to be unavailable. Just then a representative of the asylum entered the parlor; thinking introductions and arrangements would be made, I rose to greet her, when I noticed a distinct manner to myself, and another extended to my companions. It became apparent to me that a previous meeting had settled for my reception at the Mad-House; and as the hostess now said "Please come with me," I at once arose and accompanied her, saying to her as I got out of the hearing of my two companions: "I rejoice, for I know all will be right, even though it is in the Mad-House," and I even smiled at her. She answered: "Your idea of Mount Anchor is all right; come this way," and she led me through the hall to a dining room. At her request I accepted a chair, and at my own inclination I began chatting. Yes, even under the conditions which then surrounded me I so believed in the legal and honest management of the Institution that I began to chat. The woman's only answer was a bow of her head; and I noticed in her manner that she almost commanded me to keep quiet; and this act on her part was explained to me, for in a decided way she gave me writing materials, and the two notes I wrote ran as follows:—

MY DEAR MRS. R.—

The key of the room which your hospitality gave me to occupy you will find under the matting, in the second-story hall-

way near the corner where you turn to go to your own boudoir. Please keep my effects until I see you in person,

Yours lovingly,

My dear Miss W.—

Be so kind as to keep my trunks and other effects until I see you in person, etc.

Yours sincerely, and with love,

Having finished these two notes, I turned to Madam and said: "I will deliver these to the gentlemen," they being still in the parlor, my intention being to make an appeal in her presence to be taken back to my home.

She forestalled my intention by taking a quick possession of the notes; then a hasty unlocking and locking of the door, and I was alone.

This state of affairs took me by surprise, but I was grateful for the opportunity of writing the notes, and absorbed in the thought that my friends would now refuse to yield my effects, and the mere asking for them would arouse suspicion regarding my disappearance; and would probably bring forth the information of my whereabouts, even though I did not date the letters.

I then looked about, noticed a picture or two, and was generally taking in the appearance of the dining room, when Madam returned. She requested me to follow her, and I complied; though while I did so I commented that she had all the advantage. She answered me, saying: "I am Madam Pike, the head nurse in charge in this hall." I then inquired of her the name of the head of the institution. Madam Pike replied: "She is known as Madam Superioress." I glanced about me, and now had the full realization that I was on the hall arranged for the insane: the mad!

She gave me supper, took me to my room and left me. I found it furnished as a well to do lady's room; a handsome rug on the floor, with a door-mat to match; the table was covered with an embroidered table-cloth, cushions and ribbon bows were on the rocking-chair.

A pretty scarf, a ribbon and lace pin-cushion, and two glass bottles, which were decorated with cherry colored ribbons,

were on the bureau. On the wall hung a towel rack, which had a looking glass in it; on the washstand, was an elegantly flowered decorated china set. There was no fixture for light; what light entered the window and transom was all the room had.

The upper sash of my window was stationary, the lower one might be moved, but was incased in iron bars which are arranged in fancy shapes; there was a window shade, but no shutter; a white iron bed with gilded knobs, on which pillows stood lengthwise, covered with shams of fancy design, the comfort was pretty in its coloring, the sheeting the best of muslin, the bed-quilt of a fine selection and white in color. Two well framed engravings, of world renowned subjects, were on the wall.

I sat down wondering over the events that had landed me here; for a short while my memory was crowded with my past life.

As a schoolgirl I spent nine years at a boarding school. Having graduated, I not only visited my former teachers, but I made friends with other Communities; so I am familiar with Institutions. My mother's sister had been a Madam, for sixty-eight years, so my friendship for the members of the Community under whose roof I now am, is part of my very existence, while this knowledge I have of Institutions and Community life will both guide and console me, I am not pleased with my position. The country home of our family was on the property adjoining an insane asylum: a Mad-House. I visited and saw the insane frequently; their indoor entertainments, their sorrows, and afflictions, as well as their outdoor sports, were familiar to me; so the knowledge that I am confined on a hall, with several decidedly deranged persons, does not unduly alarm me. Just then Madam Pike came to speak with me. During my conversation with her I remarked that I trusted we would cement a personal friendship." I was about to enter into further conversation when she interrupted me by saying: "Now go to bed, and be quiet, Miss Star; you need a rest." Saying these words, she closed, then locked the door of my room.

The sound of the turn of the key drew my attention to the fact the door had no key-hole on the inside. I was weary, very weary, so I prepared for the night's rest, but to be quiet never entered my mind. I had something to say for myself, and I intended to say it at my first opportunity. Before going to sleep I made a determination to ignore all the information I had received in the carriage ride.

From experience, the mere locking and unlocking of doors did not cause me any annoyance; the Madams would have saved their patients in an hour of danger at the expense of their own safety. It was the mere fact of the being received that caused alarm; it is consistent to state that next to my religious birthright, Dame Nature endowed me with beautiful physical health that yields nightly to dreamless sleep. Up to this hour I still possess that priceless gift.

It was somewhere near the "witching time of night," that I was awakened by the hoarse screams of one or more of the patients. The loss of a few hours sleep under the conditions, became horrible. Later I heard gentle voices, and through my door transom, I saw a faint light. I knocked on my door and asked the outsider: "Won't you please excuse me for troubling you as such an hour?" After a few quiet explanations Madam Pike and her assistant kindly brought me what I supposed was a harmless narcotic for my senses were soon steeped in forgetfulness. Unless the Madams are familiar with the expression of the mental disorder of the patient, they never enter a room at night unattended.

CHAPTER II.

TREATED AS A LUNATIC.

BEING awakened by the unlocking of my door, I duly prepared to greet those around me, and to start in with the day's routine by preparing my room in every way for an airing, and answering with punctuality the bell which summoned the patients to the morning meal. The meal being over, I at once offered to assist with whatever was required to bring things to order.

Madam Pike permitted me to do so; to my surprise I noted that she first gave me a plate, then took it from me, called me, then sent me back on some pretense to the other end of the dining room. All of these orders I obeyed, but of course I was much surprised at receiving treatment which I knew was given to lunatics.

Going to my room, I saw a tall, good-looking German woman; she was engaged in making my bed. Seeing me enter the room she first squinted her eyes; hissed at me, and flew into a temper. She called me a few unattractive names, inquired where I had come from, and how I came to be there, and soon let me know that she had her own work on hand, and had no time to be fooling with me. She was apparently about to use forcible means to rid herself of me, when I quickly left the room.

Nothing now remained for me but to walk the hall and silently investigate surroundings.

The first person whom I met was a short, stout woman, of about fifty years of age. I discerned that she was one among the many who were born on Erin's soil, under England's flag, and who now lives — no, exists — under the flag of the States. As she bade me a gentle good-morning, I returned the greeting.

Silence on my part seemed to urge her to speak, announcing: "I am the cause of all the trouble." She continued by asking me to forgive her, saying as she did, "I am a mean,

low, vile wretch. Since my crimes, nothing is as it used to be."

As I did not answer, she continued by saying: "No; not even the sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers,— nothing is so beautiful as it used to be, and I am the cause of all the trouble." I entertained no fears of her; but, realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, I left her company, promising her as I did so I would see her again; also promising myself to look for another foundation for the cause of all *my* trouble.

The Institution is divided into flats or halls. Each hall is so arranged as to be a complete home for the nurses and patients. The Head Nurse of each hall is, through necessity, *solely responsible for the management of her hall.* But she has two assistants — one, being a member of the Community, a Madam; the other, a Candidate for the Community; the latter is generally addressed as Candidate.

The hall on which I am is in the third story of the building. In size it ranks with the others. It is about three hundred feet long, and about fifteen wide. It is well carpeted. The walls are painted and adorned by twelve interesting engravings. A mechanical bear and monkey, and a large sized Regina Music Box and piano are both here to afford amusement.

The rooms for toilet and bath are lined and partitioned with marble. The partitions are raised about six inches from the floor, and are fully eight feet high. All of the fixtures are of marble. The floor is tiled.

The sitting room of the hall is large; from its windows the patients have a view of the front and side of the house. With its piano, rugs, covered table, pictures, assorted chairs, and chandelier, it presents a homelike appearance. During the day, about twenty patients sit here; at the retiring hour they are sent to the dormitories, which are principally located in the center of the Institution. Having ventured to enter the sitting room, and finding the patients in a talkative humor, I stopped for a few moments to investigate my surroundings, and lingered with those who were around me. There was a dispute being carried on, and as I listened to quarreling words

on which she was sitting. While my thoughts were busy surmising for what direct provocation the strap had been brought into use; and while I gazed intently at the patient, she turned toward those engaged in disputing, and inquired: "What is the matter? Can't you shut up? I can give judgment, for I am in the chair." As these words were uttered I cautiously left the room by walking backward out of the door. During my visit to the sitting room I discovered that the patients were not classified.

As a general knowledge of the sad condition of the fifty patients on the hall came to me, I realized in its fullness the meaning of the words of the English bard: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." I was already in sympathy with my sister patients.

The meals for the patients on the hall are sent by means of dumb-waiters, from the kitchen, which department is situated about the center of the building, and is extensive in size, and could be seen from the windows of the halls. Being about dinner time, a patient spontaneously volunteered to offer a prayer. To the amusement of many we heard her say: "Grace before meat, meat before man; eat, you damn eaters, as fast as you can." "Amen," added several.

Each hall has its own dining room, butler's pantry and medicine closet. There are two long tables and several smaller ones; on one of the latter was a handsome china individual set, the other, I noticed while at breakfast, is used for any one patient who may for the meal hour be inclined to give trouble.

At the two long tables sat the other patients; those better mentally balanced patients sat at the table placed nearer the windows. It was at this table I sat. It was ornamented with a large sized epergne in the center, which held flowers, leaves, vines, and fruits. On either side were smalled fruit stands which were filled with fine fruits.

There were four or five chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, lace curtains held with ribbons were hung at the windows. On the table at which I sat was a selection of pretty assorted china and glassware; also knives, forks and spoons

other long table was not so well set. At many seats there were only a plate, a spoon, and a cup. There were several framed mottos hung against the walls. Four or five pictures with the advertisements of as many firms printed on them, and pretty engravings, each of which was framed.

When I made the above discovery I recalled that one of the mottos which is framed and hanging in the dining room reads: "God bless our home."

It occurred to me St. Augustine's motto would be more appropriate; it runs as follows:

"Detractors, listen, and your sentence hear:
If dine you must, you had better go elsewhere."

Or,

Who loves to slander and decoy
Those who don't happen to be by
And on the absent show his wit
He at this table must not sit.

If a motto of the above kind were put into practice the result would be that people's nerves would be stronger, and I suppose fewer patients would be here. But I must not say this. This is the Mad-House, and to make, or attempt to make, improvements may not be my business; it is not consistent that it should be so.

I must dismiss these personalities, and continue my investigations.

From my window, as from all the windows, through the iron bars, could be seen the handsomely laid-out grounds, and beds of beautiful flowers.

CHAPTER III.

"This above all,—to thine own self be true!
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not be false to any man."

DIARY.

SEVENTH day, ninth month, first year of twentieth century. Mt. Anchor "Mad-House," ———county, State of ———. With all due respect and apologies to those who have brought me here, I have made up my mind, (or what I am pleased to call my mind) to keep a diary. At present I do not see any writing materials of any kind in my room, so the diary must be kept as circumstances permit.

Knowing this, I will lend additional strength to my memory. I will keep what wits I am in possession of as sharp as possible, for I *know* my stay here will be of short duration. My diary will, of course, consist only of the incoherent talking and acting of the patients, different from the ordinary ways of everyday life. Some uneventful hours passed. I then seized what opportunities came to me to try to make friends with Madam Pike, and requested an interview with the Superioress of the Institution; declaring myself to be in every way in a normal condition, and not in need of treatment as a lunatic; and am desirous not only to mention the fact, but to plead for any one or more quick tests. I told Madam of my life at my boarding house, and what a pleasant lot of people I had fallen in with, for even the same servants had been employed there for about several years. We then spoke of some ladies whom we both knew. Knowing that the Madam had relief hours, and fearing she would leave me, I, for the second time, inquired: "What was considered the matter with me?" As she did not answer me, I then said: "Madam, you are waiting to see whether I will demand an answer; because, having received me under your roof, you feel justified in giving me such mental tests as you gave me in the dining room, of

course hoping for good results. Are you waiting," I continued, " for a demand from me?" At last Madam Pike answered me: " Mt. Anchor does not keep anyone here who is well, not even for a day." " Madam," I enquired, " then how long a time are you permitted to claim to decide for or against whatever has been charged against me, and will you not let me send for some friends to come and speak with you about me? Will you tell me," I persisted, " what is supposed to be the matter with me? Who has given you the information concerning my supposed troubles?" Madam Pike then announced that she was about to leave the Hall, and she did so. I next turned my attention toward making friends with the assistant nurse who had requested me to play and sing her a few songs.

One of the patients who joined us asked for the "Last Rose of Summer." It was a great relief to my nerves to sing out loud, so I rendered the song. Madam thanked me for what she termed my very sweet music. As I walked down the Hall Madam Pike commented: " Now, I heard your music, and I had a strange doctor to listen to you." " Well," I laughingly said, " if he is a bachelor, my chances with him are gone, for I give you my word I have never screamed so loud in my life." Again I begged for the information, " What is supposed to be the matter with me?" Madam answered: " You are here for a rest. I do not think you will be here very long; be quiet. Prove you have will power, and try to show that you are able to do what is right." As these last words were said, Madam Pike unlocked the door and was gone.

I had no opportunity to see Madam Pike in the morning, so I had ample time to study the wonder of wonderous questions which continued to awe me; namely, What strength must have been brought to bear to allow the Institution to receive me? In the afternoon I saw Madam Pike advancing down the Hall accompanied by a man nearly six feet tall, with regular features, broad shoulders, and military bearing. He is about fifty years of age, scrupulously and tastefully dressed. He had a florid complexion, and blue eyes. From his manner I realized that he was the chief physician of the Institution.

After I was introduced to Dr. Salt, for that is his name, I saw he had an intelligent countenance, and the manner of a Chesterfield.

As I arose from the rocking chair, and arranged for Madam to be seated on the other chair, I claimed for myself a stool. I announced, as I had known the doctor by reputation for so many years, I felt as though an introduction was unnecessary. I was pleased to meet him in person, and would now thank him for the successful cure he had given my former teacher, Madam D——, a nun, a woman of rare ability, who had suffered a distressing illness.

The Doctor accepted the chair, and after a few appropriate words in answer to me remarked, as he counted my pulse, that he was pleased to find me so well; and he instructed me not to worry, which advice was entirely gratuitous.

As he spoke I was about to mention the conditions under which I had been received, and to inquire the cause of my presence in the Institution, when he arose, volunteered to see me again, and instructed me to take a rest and be quiet.

After the Doctor had left us, a patient came crying, to inform me she had been brought here, and now no one ever even wrote to her. While she was giving vent to her distress, another of the patients enquired the cause of her tears. Upon being told, " Oh," she said, " another case of " Out of sight, out of mind." A third patient came down the hall accusing herself of being the cause of all the trouble. When I next saw Madam Pike to speak to her, I decidedly questioned her as to the cause for the needed rest cure. She answered: "Have you not written books? Is not brain work the hardest of all kinds of labor?" I agreed to this, but mentioned that my manuscript had been completed for more than sixteen months. So I asked for another cause, but received no answer.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE CHAPEL.

Divine services took place in the morning. From choice patients of quiet demeanor, and of all denominations, attended them. The Chapel is tastefully decorated in hand-work. The large oil-painting back of the altar is somewhat hidden by the

height of the marble altar, a defect to be noticed in many churches. The pipe organ is a large one.

The officiating clergyman is served either by an employee, or a young man from the neighborhood.

High up in the walls of the Sanctuary may be seen four openings, two on either side of the chapel. These are not noticeable except when open. They are used, I was told, by the sick, or the nurses who participate in the services.

Attached to the first pews of the church were benches; these benches were occupied by about twenty of the children of the neighborhood, both boys and girls, who attended the small school, which is conducted on the grounds of the Institution. On one side of the Chapel the first pews were occupied by the Candidates for the Community of Nurses, who numbered about thirty; immediately behind them sat the members of the Community.

Behind these sat a few of the neighbors, the employees, and any visitors. In a pew to herself, sat the Madam Superioress.

The other side of the Chapel was occupied by the patients, both male and female, the latter being assigned the first pews.

At times, in the Chapel, my senses of sight and hearing were kept busy. The ideas of the patients as to manners worthy of or suggested by church going, were indeed remarkable.

Arriving at the door many would bow, holding out their dress-skirts in an extended fashion; some placed a kiss on his or her hand, then placed the hand on the floor, or a pew rail; others entered the Chapel on a dead run. Not a few of them would stop to dictate manners to their neighbors. Confusion generally meant that some one was declining to sit by a certain some one else.

One patient who was always decorated with numerous medals and badges invariably knelt on the floor, or the altar step. If not disturbed, the latter would take a seat in one of the pews; but if disturbed she would give in low voice a wordy lot of complaints; would throw glances at all of us, and wind up with the sentence: "And that is what I think of the likes of you, you dirty villains."

There were numerous quiet disputes; but when words were loud and any one decided to make a clear statement to the people of the church the same was escorted from the services.

If the sympathetic ones expressed their sorrow that a sister patient was in distress or disgrace, then fewer than ever were left to depart when the congregation dispersed.

During such stirring events, the patient who continually accused herself of being the cause of all the trouble, was busy in a quiet way declaring that fact.

As the patients dispersed to the halls I saw that many of them were handsomely gowned, and wore fine hats, bonnets and gloves. Not a few added lace veils to their costumes. Taken as a congregation they were well and neatly dressed in the prevailing fashion of the season.

A patient whispered to me that if the minister dared to preach she would settle him; for she would get up and tell him to take his own medicine.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we were again taken to the Chapel to attend the evening services.

The Chapel is lighted by electric lights, and is scrupulously kept. The church vestments used at both services were handsome.

CHAPTER IV.

NINTH DAY.

I BEGGED to have my own appearance and acts speak for me; for Madam either to dismiss me, or to assign a cause, from her personal knowledge, why I should be detained. She bade me "be quiet," saying: "The Madams did what they could to have justice extended to all." Before promising to keep quiet I reminded her of my association with, and love for, her order, asking her to consider these facts and not to look upon my silence as weak-mindedness, but rather the result of confidence and a will-power to do her bidding, but I contended that it was a strange place to be forced to accept the rest-cure. Yet the word "rest" had been used in my enforced ride with my two captors. My determination to be quiet was broken in a few days. Doubts were expressed, and acted upon with all possible force. I asked to see the State's Attorney, lawyer, friends; and to know the pronounced cause assigned for the needed rest—whether fraud, or the result of misunderstanding, or want of judgment on the part of others, or of gossip.

I first pleaded for, and then demanded, my rights as a citizen, for the opportunity to regain my liberty. "What will you do for me, Madam? Whatever has been told you about me, having been captured, not having knowledge of my effects, or of myself, may not be, and is not, your fault. But to keep me here for a rest, against my will, is your fault." While I was speaking the door of the Hall was opened by Dr. Salt. After the usual courtesy, he enquired after my health.

I answered: "I am filled with anxiety; *and it is unmercifully cruel not to give me a proved cause for my detention. It is also cruel not to give me information of the power which gave them the right to receive and detain me.*" A few words about those who brought me here were given in answer. I interrupted the remark by declaring that I considered the Institution responsible for my *stay*.

Immediately after the departure of Dr. Salt a patient entered my room, seated herself opposite me, and remarked: "I don't know what to do. I have nearly busted my brains open; my muscles are tired doing nothing. My anticipations are great; if I were home I would take that flower-pot back to the florist's; for although a minister of the church gave it to me I know it was never paid for."

I suggested that she might do as the rest of us were doing —be satisfied with the present state of affairs, and accept what came between dinner and supper as a round of pleasure. She grew indignant, and informed me that she was an honored wife, and the beloved mother of eight children. And under Madam Pike's care, she said, there could not be any round of pleasure. And on this ground she attacked my sanity. But her wordy onset being over she became friendly again, and so I taught her a song, fearing as I did further conversation. The song is as follows:

"When my heart goes pit-a-pat,
And my brain goes whirl-i-gig,
And my brow goes rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub,
That's the sign that I'm in love."

And so the day's routine wound up in song. It was the one way for me to carry out the round of pleasure.

Among the patients was a Mrs. R., or R———. She is a bright, capable woman; and so I sought her society. She was at that time a patient only to be sure of the cure of a drug habit; so she was even free of that or any other trouble, and was in a few weeks to return home. She confidentially told me that she thought I would need a lawyer to gain my release. So she promised to make efforts toward getting me a counsel. I credited her statement and believed she would keep her word; and silently, and with great expectations, I awaited her departure, which would bring the Attorney to whom Mrs. R. was to write.

The Candidate who assisted on the Hall where I was displayed a will power and strength of character much beyond the seventeen years she had lived. It was natural for me

to seek her society, and she accepted my company, which was, in one sense, very good of her.

Several times when the Madam Assistant was talking with this Candidate and Mrs. R., of R———, I would demand in their presence to be allowed to leave the house. The demands on my part for liberty will not be mentioned again except incidentally; they will be dismissed with the assurance that they were made by me from time to time to doctors, Madam Superioress, Madam Pike, and to the other Madams with whom I came in contact. In answer to these demands I was told that they had nothing to do with it; but they hoped justice would be extended to me.

In the meantime I was denied all privileges, and admonished to be quiet. My next request was to ask Madam Pike to give me occupation; and I even mentioned what I was capable of doing, namely: to sew for Madam Pike personally, for the Institution, or for the poor who came about begging, or for the helpless and poorer classes of patients.

I enquired if there were children or even grown persons whom I could teach the ordinary rudiments of education, or music lessons.

I asked for the use of a dictionary, a French book, or a Latin book, to renew my studies in those languages; or, as I told her, *any* occupation would be acceptable.

With the exception of three or four books from the library of the Institution, and five or six magazines loaned me for a few hours at a time, none of the above requests were ever granted to me. Seeing I was doomed to idleness as far as Madam Pike was concerned, I set to work to make occupation for myself. All that I had to use were some of my own possessions, such as a few pieces of clothing, hat, old ribbon, some odds and ends of muslin, two or three needles, and a few yards of spool cotton. Having some little mending to do, the cotton was soon exhausted; Madam Assistant gave me a few yards, as did Madam Pike, but before many weeks had passed I was told by Madam Pike that the Institution could not supply me with cotton. She said I had begged long enough. I answered, as I expected at any day to be dismissed, I had

not considered the few yards beyond thanking them for it, but I now realized that if hundreds of patients were supplied in that way, it would be an expense to the Institution.

After that the Assistant Nurse gave me a few yards of spool cotton, seeing as she did that I needed it for mending my wearing apparel. As necessity is the mother of invention, my needs suggested the idea of ripping out machine work. This afforded me the occupations of ripping and sewing, and left me cotton for future needs.

Among the articles in my possession was a corded black silk waist. I separated the strands of the cords. This furnished me the cotton to work out embroidery stitches, on old ribbons and pieces of dry goods, and it gave me darning cotton. After the stocking which had been darned had been placed in water the black cord turned red. When Madam Pike noticed this she thought she had proof that I had taken the cotton or had by insane means secured it.

A few proofs and comments presented by me on the laws of chemistry settled that attack on me, as well as the previous question.

One day a carpenter was mending furniture; while he worked he sang, but if I were appointed an umpire, I would have decided of his music, as I once did of a certain church choir, that noise was success.

During the time he worked I asked Madam Pike to dismiss me. To my surprise, she accused me of wanting to show off before the carpenter, and sent me to my room, telling me to be quiet.

The day the above occurrence happened I received a letter from one of my captors, enquiring about my appetite. I had just left friends with whom I had boarded for nearly two years, who could take oath with me that I was ready at all times for a well-cooked meal. I took advantage of that mentioning of appetite by calling the attention of Madam Pike and her assistant to it. They had each positive and personal knowledge that as far as appetite and sleep went, I was in beautiful health; and I added: "Now, Madam Pike, are the other complaints as weak *in their strength* as this letter? If you,

Madam Pike, let me see friends, all else will be righted as quickly as this appetite affair." Madam Pike frowned, gave me a searching look, and as she left the Hall commanded me to be quiet.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY on the sixth day of this month was assassinated. I had learned the news on the day I was landed here. To-day when we learned of his death, sorrow and many tributes of loving sympathy were expressed for the PRESIDENT, as also for her who, as widow, wept over the loss of the people's chosen PRESIDENT.

CHAPTER V.

FOUR LEAVED CLOVERS.

"The daisies still continue to dress in simple white,
And clovers wear last season's shade.
All honor to their pluck,
With now and then an extra leaf to bring the finder luck."

ONE day, while out for an airing, it was my luck to find several four-leaved clovers. Not having any other occupation, for we were forbidden even to talk, I busied myself working out designs which would make the four leaves appear more interesting. Madam Pike pronounced my occupation a silliness. Another time, because I asked if the medicine I was taking was bread pills, criticism after criticism was passed upon the absurd idea of a doctor prescribing bread pills at such an Institution.

As luck would have it, within a few days, Madam Pike loaned me several magazines. In the pages of one magazine the joke about doctors giving bread pills to nervous people was brought out. I called Madam's attention to the publication; she looked annoyed, but did not venture to make any apology. For two or three weeks after that Madam did not allow me to have even a newspaper clipping, but I never heard of the bread pills again.

Through an inherited friendship, I have for years past enjoyed a correspondence with a friend who lives in Ireland. Since we have never seen one another, our friendship was one of correspondence only. Through this intercourse we have exchanged confidences, and extended much love to each other. Having informed Madam Pike of this friendship, she permitted me to write to my friend. I wrote as follows:

MY DEAR MISS ———:

Having written you but once since you kindly sent me the last postal order for 2£, I determined, *D. V.*, to write you again at my earliest opportunity, which is the present hour.

By the way, I sent you the one hundred dollars in Confederate money, with comments. Did you show it to the Rev. Dr., wife and family, to my Irish friend; and were they interested? You wrote me: "Thank you for the $100," and I wondered if the letter fell into the hands of others, or if similar letters containing similar things were presented against me, what results might or could be brought about. In one way such stuff might bring about a much-desired result; in another it might cause some one to be able to prove, nay to swear, that I am living beyond my means, or in some manner to be condemned. Now you did not mean anything by your leaving out the word Confederate, and I don't reproach you, for I am convinced, beyond mortal doubting, that I have been guilty of writing many hasty and few-worded letters, knowing all could be explained; or supposing the receiver would do with me as I did with you — understand the whole. Don't think me prosy, but I feel in a humor for argument.

Our country home is, as I told you, rented to people of wealth; but the contract made allows us to sell the place, under certain restrictions in our favor, and then in favor of the tenant, should he give as high a price as any one else, etc. It was suggested to me that if the home brought such price as the rent might guarantee, that, the price being much lower than the real value, it would become a fine deal to sell, and then to buy back again — do you understand? You see, when inexperience attempts to write on such a matter, it may again wind up in a tempest in a teapot, and not be altogether intelligent; or be another affair of a "Confederate bill," so make allowance for me. "Ill fares the flock, if the shepherds wrangle when the wolf is near." The wolf is the lawyer who will bring about law when he might by his wisdom and honesty, either directly or indirectly, assist in bringing about a compromise.

Did you succeed in getting the local papers to notice Mr. C. B.'s book ? He told me that he intended writing you. I had an engagement to take a car ride with him, but I broke it under compulsion. I received the other papers you sent. You are so sweet to me, for I cannot return favors except

with my love, and "talking you up," as my friends have accused me, in joke, of doing for you, terming you my Irish godmother, etc. My Mss. are in "statu quo." Mr. B. promised, as I told you, to invest in its publication; but the intense heat, and closing of the University, "stopped progress until fall." I'll keep you advised if Mr. —— keeps his word; then I shall indeed be favored; but if Mr. —— fails I know of others to whom to apply for help in these matters. I have determination, I now need only opportunity. Excuse my writing; recent agonies have almost deprived me of the strength of my nerves. Direct your letters to me as ever in care of Miss W.; she will forward me all my mail, should I be away. Could you but know how I long to see you! If you come over here and don't find me, get a lawyer to hunt me up; do anything but fail to see one who now sends you lots of love and sweetest thoughts."

Being landed in an asylum, a patient in my position must continually shake together any scattered sentences *to discover the want of sense* in words or actions on the part of the doctors and the nurses. *To dupe the patient, to seek for deficiencies of any of the five senses, and to seek for the want of strength of these senses,* are each arts on the part of the nurses and the doctors.

When a conglomeration of quarreling words, in a meaningless arrangement, accompanied by an apparent manner to express anger, was hurled at me, I laughed, and enquired "why Madam did not try to pick a quarrel about the history of Adam's grandfather," and suggested she would save herself any further exertion of "pretended anger." In the morning of a certain number of days I had cause to tell Madam, that I had not placed my wearing apparel on the rocker of the chair in my room. I had not put one, just one, hair-pin in the centre of my room. I had not left white, but black, cotton in my needle. That my chairs had been rearranged, and pins had been placed in the cushion by someone while I slept. That my clothes brush had disappeared, and at her pleasure I would be pleased if she would give it back. In short, all sorts of *such test* would be given me, and because I enquired if I was in the Institution to lose my time over such trifles, in sarcastic tones

I was called a discoverer, a Christopher Columbus. Madam then sent various types of insane patients into my room. One she would order the rocking-chair, another the straight-back chair, another the stool. This left me no place in my own room. This was done, of course, to *irritate me, as are all these other tests;* not only to irritate, but done to see if I would *notice them.* She was quite surprised and rather inclined to show temper because I remarked that in the city where I lived, houses, flats, and rooms were rented out, but in this Institution it appeared we rented out corners and chairs. After exhausting her powers to worry me about such petty things, such as might annoy a child, or weak mind, she tried laughing at me, and the power of ridicule. Another test of the Mad-House is to suddenly spring a question at the patient. One morning a nurse entered my room and quickly inquired: "What are you thinking about?" As quick as speech could convey language I told her that I was thinking of an attachment which ought to be part of every bed. She did not wait for a description of the idea, but retired in as quick a manner as she had entered. I afterward talked over a few of the plans; she agreed with me that there would be convenience in having the additional attachments.

TWO DOCTORS CALLED four weeks after my arrival. Madam Pike, without information as to the whys and wherefores, called me to her and led me down a stairway. There she committed me to the care of the Head of the House, who, after taking me to the door leading to the parlor, left me in charge of Dr. Salt, who presented me to two physicians and he then left the room. I enquired of them as to what I was indebted for this kind visit. They refrained from giving me any direct answer, so the conversation became general. I spoke of several families, because I knew them to be mutual friends. I then made a special effort to impress on these gentlemen's minds that I had boarded with the first cousin of Dr. T.; just then Dr. Salt joined me and my guests, making as he did so, a decided request of me to tell the doctors about the book in which I was interested. I replied that I had taken interest in my efforts, but profits, which are so important in

these days, had not been received, and the subject was dropped. A few minutes later and a few more questions from these gentlemen had forced me to acknowledge that I had a law-suit which I told them had been dismissed at my request in May last. I also acknowledged to them that I had filed a paper for the control of stocks which my mother had willed me. The doctor said: "You say you asked for control of your stocks?" Having put this question to me, both physicians arose, and spoke of catching a train. Exetnding to me the usual courtesies of departure, they left me, having been in my society about ten or twelve minutes.

On my return to the Hall I mentioned to Madam Pike that I supposed she had requested those gentlemen to favor me, and I thanked her. For fully ten days I expected to leave the Institution at any minute, after that time I began to grow anxious and repeatedly asked to be permitted to again see those physicians, so that I might have a second, and perhaps a more satisfactory interview. As no satisfaction was given to me concerning my request, I centered my hopes in Mrs. R.'s promise, and the faith I had in mankind, and notwithstanding this faith I refrained from telling Mrs. R. of the visit from the two physicians, for she might not then write the promised letter to my attorney.

DESCRIPTION OF MADAM PIKE.

She is a short, muscular woman of some sixty years, with hands, arms and limbs indicating unusual strength. The lines of her face display severity of thought and action. She has large eyes, over which she has great control; she can, for two or three minutes, or much longer, center them on one of the patients, and not so much as let the lid of the eye fall. At her bidding her eyes have a cruel smile. Her voice was deep in tone, and susceptible of a variety of intonations. Lately I have been studying Madam Pike's character. They tell me she has been head nurse of this Hall for *fourteen years.* She is never idle; she does not hesitate either to work herself, or assist others at any sort of work. She seems to be an excellent housekeeper. I told her only the other day, that she is nat-

urally artistic; if she threw a dish-rag on the drying-rack, or arranged fine laces on fancy work, that both the dish-rag and the laces fell in graceful folds.

To overpower, by brutal force, those who were committed to her care seemed an ambition and an amusement; and her ingenuity to *create* opportunity for tyranny was without limit.

The position of the Madams who are in attendance at the Mad-House is a trying and sometimes an exasperating one. I was more or less in sympathy with the nurse, and made all possible allowances for her own human nature, under her trying position. To nurse the insane, the patients with mental trouble, is of itself a terror. As opportunities were given to the Madams, I was, as a rule, edified by their forbearance. None of us mortals are, or can be, perfect, but the excess of cruelty is another side of the imperfections of mortals. The severity of treatment where hope of recovery is expected through that severity, if beneficial, and it sometimes is, cannot be criticized; but there is a difference between severe treatment and mere cruelty, and *it is the last* which I note. As an example I will quote the following instance: A patient refused in quiet manner to accept her medicine, saying, as she did, that her nose was sore. Madam Pike called on me to take from her the waiter on which was the medicine glass. Without any further refusal from the patient, and without speaking to her, Madam suddenly jumped at her, forced her to a chair, and pulled out a handful of her hair. Then pushed her down, kicked, and otherwise beat her. The screams she gave told of agony of pain. Madam Pike then came down the Hall, smiling, and remarked to me: "I don't think her nose will bother me again;" and she continued: "I certainly have a mean lot of patients." As her manner invited me to speak, I said, "the patients should be compelled to take the medicine even if it would take straight-jackets to subdue them." Madam Pike seemed pleased that I approved of her act. It never seemed to occur to her that the patient had not taken the medicine, or that my comment referred to a legitimate means to enforce the doctor's orders.

About five in the morning, with but few exceptions, I

was awakened by the sound of a hoarse, deep-toned voice that nothing short of a tornado would drown. It was Madam Pike *driving* her patients who had been sleeping in the dormitories* to the sitting room on the Hall. Of course the larger number of the patients entertained notions of a constantly irritating character, to the extent that their notions are carried out without much if any improvement. Breakfast would not be ready until seven A. M., but each morning these patients would linger at the dining room doorway. To control these acts on their part, and to have, to use Madam's own expression, "absolute power," and to have "the dining room to herself until the bell rang for meals," she would strike, *beat*, and scream at the patients. My door was locked at that hour, but their exclamations and groans conveyed to me the knowledge that the brutal force I was accustomed to witness was in full sway. If it happened that Madam Pike was absent, these same patients would either go to the sitting room, or else they would be allowed to sit about the Hall at their own pleasure. Breakfast being ready, Madam Pike would invariably post herself at the door of the dining room. As there was no innocent word or act on the part of the patients that was not seized as an opportunity to inflict cruelty, the mere arrival of the patients would be the signal for a rough and tumble fight. I have seen several of the patients fall in a heap, and hard, lashing strikes from her hands fall on them. I hardly gave my eyes credit for the fact when I saw Madam Pike kicking, indiscriminately, at her victims. The act of the patients asking for or getting, or attempting to get, a drink of water would arouse her temper in an especial manner. In a majority of cases when thirst would cause the patient to go to the dining room — the only place for patients to get water — the attempt to do so was the occasion for a fight. There were two doorways leading to the dining room; the use of one of them was forbidden. Woe! woe! to the patient who thoughtlessly passed through. The act caused extra violence on the part of Madam Pike, even if the water was given. One episode is indelibly im-

* Cheaper than a private room.

pressed on my memory. A physically sick patient came walking down the Hall asking as she advanced to be shown to her carriage, and of her own free will suggested getting a glass of water, before, as she said, "taking her departure from the hotel." She had reached my door and was about to address me, when one of the patients rudely grabbed her and demanded that she should return to the sitting room, and go without the water. Madam Pike, being attracted by the cry of the patient, came and furiously beat her over the head; by some brutal force Madam compelled the patient to kneel, and then beat her. Here the patient cried out: "You may beat, even kill me; but you cannot prevent me from praying to my God." "My Father, I Thy cross have taken; protect me in Thy mercy," was the prayer that escaped her lips. It was almost a crime to ask for a glass of water if Madam Pike was around. There were three consumptive patients on the Hall. They have each grabbed from my hands the toilet pitcher in which I had gotten water for my morning toilet, drunk and begged me not to tell. Madam Pike may not have known — God forbid that she did! — the result her tyranny had produced. The patients to quench their thirst would go to the fountain flush of the toilet.

"LET US MAKE PAUSE."

Whether Madam Pike found relief or satisfaction of a personal character in administering her cruelties; whether she rejoiced over the patient's sufferings; whether her term of undisputed power over the insane had disorganized her temperament; whether she had incompatibility of temper, or whether she was just an ill-tempered woman, is not for me to determine. I am not, nor neither do I wish to be her judge. Her hoarse tone of voice, accompanied by a shriek, with her brutish cruelty, mannish ways, two-thirds of her time in an unrelenting — and to me an unaccountable — state of mind, has aroused the powers and faculties of my very soul. Of course I refrained from giving evidence; I am making observations, but she must know instinctively that I cannot fail to realize the truth. When I leave here, which of course will be at any minute, I mean to report her acts to the Head of

the Institution. Such a report being proven, the wrong will be righted. These cruelties could not have existed for so long a *term of years had our Law-makers extended the Law to the management of the Mad-House, and changed at various dates the nurses.*

CHAPTER VI.

PROMISE OF A DISMISSAL, AND HAPPENINGS OF THE SEWING ROOM.

WHILE I sat at Madam Pike's feet chatting she informed me that the Madams would befriend me. I was soon to be dismissed from the Institution. That the day I arrived she thought me remarkably well, and supposed I would not be here long. So she advised my friends not to see me, as it was not pleasant for any one to enter asylums. This conversation made clear to me two points: first, that she acknowledged my mental sanity; second, that she had used her influence to deprive me of every friendly intercourse.

Now all the tests to which I had been submitted ceased at this time. I was spoken to in a friendly manner, even being teased as to having been locked up ten years of my life, at school, to learn how to keep quiet, and to be taught common-sense. Again it seemed that I was back at school, to be told to keep quiet, and not to learn, but to recover, common-sense. Laughingly we agreed that there was a vast difference between the meanings of that command "to be quiet." I often wonder how it will be when I regain my liberty, as I realize that there will be fixed on me the stigma of the Mad-House. The other day I had a fair taste of it: offering to assist a dear little child from the near neighborhood, who, like myself, was attending Divine Service in the Chapel, the child shrank in horror from me. It was a trifle in itself, still it hurt me, and showed me what a part of my future would be if the Institution refused to dismiss me. The child, like others, judged from appearances, and unconsciously asserted in her manner her feeling of superiority to a lunatic and thus endorsed to my mind a thought which I had previously frequently entertained, that much of the superiority supposed to exist in this life is founded alone upon contrasts. The other day, passing through the Hall, I met some strangers,

one of whom inquired in an agitated tone of voice: "Will any of them hurt us?" meaning the patients. This opportunity was too great a temptation for mischief. I raised both of my hands, quickened my steps, and was about to speak, when the strangers hurried down the Hall in great consternation. After an interval of a week I made inquiries about the day I was to leave the Institution. I was not given any definite answer. The day after I asked this question one of the patients brought me word that Madam wished to see me. I responded to this summons with light steps and high hopes, expecting to hear about my dismissal. Instead of hearing the expected news I was told to go to the sewing class. As we passed through the Halls I saw many large and handsomely furnished rooms. I learned that they were expensive luxuries for the sick. I commented on the beauty of the building, the handsome woods, fine stairways, engravings, the well-grown plants, and the general effect. My attempt to speak with a canary bird was cut short, for by this time we had arrived at the entrance of the sewing room. I was introduced to, and kindly received by the Madam who is the head of that department. Madam Pike then took her departure. While I chatted with Madam I took in the surroundings. On rockers and straight-backed chairs were seated about thirty patients who came from different Halls and formed the class.

The room is beautiful in proportions, and scrupulously clean. A few pictures, and a United States map dated 1848, were hung on the wall. A large cupboard of shelves, and long and deep drawers, is built into the wall; a smaller cupboard is a mere piece of furniture, as is a glass show case wherein fine work done by the patients was displayed.

The hours spent in the sewing-room were made as agreeable as possible. The presiding teacher always had a pleasant word or an anecdote to tell, which cheered the patient. If she happened to have a small amount of fruit or of candy she divided it among the class. Another time for amusement the patients drew for pretty trifles such as collars, handkerchiefs, etc.

On all religious or national feast days we had commemorative readings, as well as general reading for each day. When Christian Read's "Armine" was read I followed "Armine" through Paris by means of a compehensive picture of that city, which hung in the Hall where I stayed. While I read one episode, found in the pages of the story, we were all surprised at the actions of one of the patients. She arose from her chair, and taking her stand in the middle of the room she declaimed, in rapid style, French sentences. For a while the Madam permitted her to carry out her own way of expressing her delight; but later, when she requested not to interrupt the reading, the patient answered, saying: "That is the way I acted in Paris, and that is why I am here. Would *you* be so kind as not to interrupt *me?*" At other times a patient would call out: "Rot! close that book; those things are not true." As I continued reading without heeding her demand she arose, saying as she did so: "That is book enough; on the house tops are chimneys. That means," she said, "it is time to pass around refreshments." The Madam took the hint in good humor, and peanuts were passed around to the members of the class.

While the book "Carroll O'Donoghue" was being read a patient who had but little mind complimented me by saying she thought I was as sweet as the character Nora. The book is delightfully theatrical and clever; and so, for a while, I forgot my own grief and rejoiced with the successes of one of the characters. Once, when reading, one of the patients took an idea that the book was written about her. She darted across the room, and threw the book in my face, which rammed my tooth into the gum, causing the blood to flow, saying as she did so: "The whole thing is a pack of lies."

One day while we sat in the sewing room a song, accompanied by music of the guitar, was being rendered in really charming style. Dr. Salt, accompanied by one of the Madams, was attracted to the room by the impromptu concert. Being in the room both of them said pleasant words to the members of the class. The doctor then bowed himself out of the room, saying as he did so: "I think it best to go before you pass around the hat." A few days previous to the visit Dr. Salt had admired as a needle-book which was really a penwiper. He had no sooner left the room when one of the patients told of this mistake on his part. In a spirit of fun I asked the Madam if she thought a few doses of medicine would improve wrong impressions. This insinuating question on my part was scarcely given before more than one comprehensive laugh was enjoyed at the doctor's expense. "Ah!" I thought, "how sweet is revenge." He had only a few days previous hurled at me that everlasting phrase "be quiet."

Hoping to pass away the time, and with a view to entertain the members of the class, I volunteered to give a recitation. This offer on my part was an intervention; but Madam said she would be glad to hear me. My selection was "The Enchanted Shirt," by Hay. I had not laid eyes on the poem for fully five years, and was about to announce that I had forgotten the exact wording of the last five or six lines, when it occurred to me that to say so under such a roof was risky business. So I wound up "The Enchanted Shirt" with the quotation:

> "And bright the sunlight shone
> Over fair women and brave men,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell."

I had used the above quotation because "The Enchanted Shirt" has a happy ending. Though four or five Candidates were present, yet, judging from appearances, my unparalleled assurance by adding Byron's verse to Mr. Hay's poem had not been noticed.

The Singer sewing machine is used at the Institution. In referring to machines, I casually remarked that the Singer required an additional improvement before its usefulness could reach the perfection of the Automatic. On the same morning I said that the room needed a sewing table that should be so attached to the wall that it could be folded against the wall when not in use. In some way I continued suggesting a secured rest could be made in the table for scissors, needles,

pins, tape measure, and ironholder. The iron could be heated by means of a gas pipe. I was so much interested in thinking of the table design, that I slipped on the highly polished floor. I then remarked that the floor was so slippery that to walk on it unnerved the cautious patients, and placed the careless ones in danger of falling. I had scarcely finished chatting when a patient, who seldom had many words to say, gave me a steady look, saying as she did so: "Well, upon my word — a reader, inventor and a doctor locked up here in an orphan asylum." This remark from the patient caused a hearty laugh from several, and no one enjoyed the joke better than I did. At last, in my own opinion, even though in the Mad-House, it was time for me to "be quiet." All sorts of household work, fashionable dressmaking, fancy work, knitting, etc., were taught in the sewing class, and the patients did credit to a capable teacher. Owing to the agreeable diversions permitted in the sewing room, the patients were happier for being members of the class. The change for me relieved my sufferings. I was, and am still, not ungrateful to Madam Pike for the privilege of being allowed to assist at the industries of that department. Every possible effort on my part was made to win the interest of the Madam in charge of the sewing room. When I pleaded that she would ask the head of the house to give me my liberty she would say that she had nothing to do with the dismissing of the patients. As time rolled on, and opportunities were presented, I saw that the class was presided over by a Madam of that type whose efforts to be worthy of her calling have brought forth from individuals and nations a whole world of rich vocabulary of respectful terms.

CHAPTER VII.

Experience bought with pain is instructive.
—Latin.

ONE evening I was invited to visit another Hall. There I found three or four Madams, who asked me to consent to take part in a dramatic performance to be given in honor of Thanksgiving Day, saying, as one of the Madams did, that I had charmed the sewing class by my recitations. I replied: "I am in the Institution without my knowing why I have been received or why I have been detained here. I hope to be dismissed before that date, but if I am to be detained longer, I would consent to give my best efforts toward adding to the pleasure of the household. Here one of the Madams handed me a book and requested me to select a part in a play. I returned the book without looking at it. The interview was closed with a promise that I would hear further news in the morning. That was the first and the last of the invitation.

A few uneventful weeks had passed. All was particularly quiet when I turned to find Madam Pike standing by me. She opened conversation by asserting that I had told a patient where she would be able to see the Doctor. I apologized, and promised not to do so again. To my astonishment Madam rolled her voice in heavy tones, sprang at me and pushed me against the marble wall. Then she placed her hand over my mouth, and said: "Ah! you talk well, do you? "Well," I thought, "this is a rough test;" so I grew cautiously quiet, but attempting to keep my personal dignity I tried to remove Madam's hand from my mouth. In increased fierceness of voice she commanded me to let my hand drop by my side. I did so. I had no sooner obeyed than she greeted me with a loud laugh, saying: "So there is nothing the matter with you? Well," she continued, "had you seen your expression perhaps you would change your mind." Within the next few minutes I took my stand among the patients who

were waiting to attend Divine Service. I had no sooner done so than she ordered me to my room, turned the key, and left me locked up for about ten minutes. At one o'clock that same day I requested to be permitted to attend Divine Service. A laugh, a strange and fiendish one, was what greeted me. This laugh was accompanied by the statement: "Oh, yes; you may attend; but you were not able, because of your *excitement,* to do so this morning." I returned a positive answer and declared I was *able,* but not *permitted.* This episode aroused all the suspicion of my nature, and caused me to recall the Latin phrases: "For whose benefit?" "Of what use?" and to determine to be on the look-out for similar acts of injustice, both toward myself and to others. Perhaps, I thought, she fears I will resent being detained here; therefore, for her own protection, as well as for the reputation of the Institution, she intends to use the term *"excitement"* to define an unsoundness of mind; to keep me a few weeks longer, and then pronounce me recovered. This train of thought was horrible to entertain but since Madam had acknowledged me mentally well I did not suppress it. Several times I had thought to feign insanity for about a month; and then feign recovery, as I hoped by that means to enforce a dismissal from the Institution; but as such a determination seemed to be against my relations with God, I feared to do so. Within the next few weeks I heard from the authorities of the Institution that there was nothing much the matter with me; but they charged that I got so excited as to be unable even to go to church. I took in the situation, and as I recalled Solomon's proverb — "He that diggeth a ditch for another, falleth therein" — I determined to bide my time, and to maintain silence as my safeguard.

As I was now playing the part of a detective, I was busy watching and gaining information of a blind patient, who stayed in what is known as the back wing of the Hall. I saw her only at meals. Being forbidden to speak to her, I made up my mind to do so by stratagem. I also increased my interest in a certain Mrs. C. In appearance she is tall, neat, and refined. She sat near me at the table. When she had a slight

indisposition she restricted her diet. When out walking, whenever she made so bold as to speak, she used choice and varied language; and in a natural way took interest in general conversation. Seeing, as I did, that she quietly sat in her room, month after month, looking over one or the other of the two books she always kept in her room, or resting her hands in her lap, I asked Madam Pike's permission to lend her whatever books I happened to have in my keeping, or to borrow the patient's books. To each of my questions concerning her, Madam answered: "You shall not lend, or borrow, or talk, or have any communication with that woman." Mrs. C. was not permitted to speak with anybody, but on the sly I managed to obtain from her the following information: That she was the widow of a lawyer; had two daughters, and that she had been here nineteen years. She also told me she had, as I was doing, made great efforts to reach outsiders; and hoped in that way to regain her liberty; but found her endeavors in that direction in vain. She laughed at me for crediting that I would ever again be free. Since she claimed to be mentally well, I questioned her motive for dusting her blankets, sheets and all other effects in her room to excess. She answered: "I am trying through occupation to keep what mind I have. I am not allowed any privileges but to sit in my room, clean it, and after that remain in idleness. She referred to Madam Pike's cruelty, and informed me that I knew only the more gentle side of Madam's character. I could not persuade her to tell me any news of her home life; but she told me she never had the doctor or any one to speak kindly to her for more than a few minutes at a time. On the sly she not infrequently begged me to render a selection on the piano. She may be insane, but her case seemed to me to be an example of sadness and desolation.

One of the patients is a cousin of Madam Pike's. I learned that she was soon to go home; so I attempted to make friends with her, but she requested me not to speak with her, saying as she did: "I have been forbidden to speak with you."

Another patient whom I knew had recovered from mental

disorder, and had, by permission of the doctor and the Head of the House, written to her married sister, asking her to send or come for her. Her sister refused to do either, and because of this refusal on her sister's part *a well patient was doomed to live among lunatics in a lunatic asylum!*

After many months had passed I learned that the patient of whom I write had neither money nor home. I so sympathized with her position that I offered her, through the Head of the Institution, a check of eight dollars which she could use to pay her board in a near city until she could get an occupation. The next day the Head of the House gave that patient a paying positon in the kitchen. I reaped happiness when I saw her free. About four months later she was again committed to the Hall; although on the well list, she was not considered strong, and in consequence she was doomed to associate with lunatics, in a lunatic asylum.

The history of another patient has a pathetic side. She told me her stepmother had *justly* placed her at the Institution. But now that she was well no one living seemed to want her to regain her freedom; so she had to stay at the Institution. When the patients found themselves in this position their grief was pitiful beyond description. Frequently I heard the expression from such patients that "afflictions are curses, that when you get into an insane asylum the *Law-makers* and even Almighty God forgets you." Do these anecdotes suggest a general committee being appointed to investigate and relieve such positions? Or will the law give such a class of patients freedom or a home with less restriction and happier associates than *unclassified patients in a mad-house?*

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERTAINMENTS. CHRISTMAS.

THE amusement or recreation hall is built for the purpose. The stage is well equipped. The piano of that department is in good condition. I attended six or eight of the entertainments, and each of them was well conducted and entertaining. The lady Candidates gave several bright plays, and as many concerts. The small boys and girls of the neighborhood who attended the school which is attached to the Institution, and which is conducted by one of the Madams, delighted in taking his or her respective part in the performances which were given for their instruction, and which proved to be a delight to the household. On each of these occasions programmes were distributed to the audience. To the left of the center aisle of the hall sat the women patients; the men sat to the right. The chairs which were arranged against the wall at the end of the hall were occupied by the employees, and invited guests from the neighborhood and also by Candidates, Resident Physician and the Madams. In each of these theatricals the big Newfoundland dog, Carlo, who is everybody's pet, was always an interesting feature. Whether he mildly or curiously gazed at the footlights and audience, or turned his back upon them, he was applauded. The talents of a juggler entertained us one evening. The heart of the audience was won by the trickster owing principally to the fact that he invited the patients to assist him in his performances. I was told that one of the patients attempted to prove his honesty, because yards of ribbon was found, by the performer, in the pocket of the patient.

Mount Anchor allows a few of the patients to go car riding, carriage riding, and sleigh riding. The Madams accompany them on these trips. Through the conversation of others I understood, and believe it to be true, that the Madams were kind, and only too glad to join in any fun-making plans.

Madam Pike's management was therefore the *exception to the rule.* The day her patients were to go sleigh riding, the six or eight who were invited by her were told to be silent, and not to dare to giggle or laugh. Because a patient who was not invited to join in the party asked whether one or two horses would draw the sleigh, or would it move by steam, Madam Pike slapped her over the head and locked her up, and left her in complete loneliness for hours. Then, as Madam passed down the hall, she placed her hand on my arm, and caught the smallest possible piece of flesh, and pinched it severely. Of course I was judicious and never mentioned the fact. But when the patients would tell of these tricks they were not believed. Twice the minstrels found the patients and Madams to be an appreciative audience. Undue excitemen on the part of the minstrel who sat to the left of the leader, explaining one of his jokes, caused one of the patients to call out: "Put a straight-jacket on him." The minstrel joked at the expense of a physician, who, he said had fallen into *a well* and was drowned. "Serves the doctor right," said the minstrel to the right, "he should attend to the *sick* and leave the *well* alone." Each joke received hearty applause. After each performance supper was served to the minstrels. As the audience dispersed it fell to my lot to be joined by several patients, one of whom declared the whole affair was questionable. She regretted having attended the entertainment. As for myself I fell into a sleep, knowing the song of the tenor, "If I Only Had a Dollar of My Own," and that of the baritone, "I Don't Care What Happens, I Will Live Until I Die," each of them having created in me a fellow-feeling.

One afternoon, as the merry, sparkling sun danced through our Hall, two dainty little girls arrived to visit their mother. As five or six of the patients stood being cheered by their prattle, Madam Pike entered the Hall, ordered every one to retire to her room, and commanded the children to go to the parlor, saying that she would not have excitement on the Hall, and that she "hated talk, talk, talk and excitement." "Ah!" I thought, as I obeyed her order, "the severity of the treatment received by the patients on this Hall would induce a woman

to let a mouse run over the toe of her shoe, without so much as a quiver, though in the past she had landed on the nearest piece of furniture at the sight of a mouse while yet yards away. I venture to say that the woman who could faint at the perfume of a violet, if she were here and placed under Madam Pike's care as a patient, would show the courage of a Grace Darling, and nothing short of the number of rats which, we are told in poetry,devoured Bishop Hatto would cause her to show any excitement. As for Ben Bolt's "Sweet Alice," who trembled with fear when you gave her a frown, she of course, if landed on this Hall, would live but a few hours.

CHRISTMAS.

This is the morn above all other morns. The strains of the Christmas hymns were heard all through the house. I was loaned several magazines. At the breakfast hour Madam Pike wound up the music-box, but as each patient was compelled to stay in her room the music afforded little pleasure. The Head of the House sent each of the patients a generous supply of candy. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when it became apparent to me that something extra was about to happen; and without knowledge of a further kind I asked permission of Madam to join the party whom I saw standing at the door of the hallway. While she nodded her consent she unlocked the door and led me and the others to the entertainment hall to see the Christmas tree. The tree was large and beautiful, and stood enclosed in an artificial garden, surrounded by a fence. It was richly ornamented with its trimmings of the Christmas star, dolls, books, toys and the conventional figures of the Christmas events. We were given apples as a token of the day, and were invited to play the piano, an invitation of which I made no use, feeling too much the contrast of other feasts at my once happy home.

What a joy this feast used to be! There were eight of us — five sisters and three brothers. How we would impatiently wait on Christmas Eve for the coming of our dear father, bringing with him the gifts for the completion of the

Christmas table! How happily we slept that night, anticipating the coming surprises. All the members of the family would surround our beloved parents and the joys and light of love shone over all, and generous hearts distributed the gifts, as shouts of "Merry Christmas" ran through the house from those happy ones who played the Christmas music from the piano, harp, guitar and organ and filled every room and corner reaching to the farthest corner of the house and through the kitchen and stable and all looked bright and cheerful. The house servants and those outside sharing in the festivities of the day; the coachman giving expression to his feelings by adorning with holly the horses and also the carriage in which a blissful party went to church. Our appetites for our characteristic Christmas dinner, which was served upon the large, round mahogany table supported by four slashing porpoises, were not impaired by the fruits and candy eating, which is the order of the day among the American people. Dear mother, seated at the head of it related to us how Aunt May, her sister, was a friend of the Moore family and was with them at the time when Mr. Clement Clark Moore wrote his renowned poem, "The Night Before Christmas," which would invariably be recited in an impressive manner by my dear father. The after-dinner smoke and chat would wind up with dancing in both parlor and kitchen. A joyful day, ending in a peaceful night! I was interrupted in my memories of the past by Madam Pike's loud voice giving me an order to go along with Miss S., who, in a disconnected manner, chatted incessantly; and her affliction aroused my sympathy and increased my sufferings. Mrs. N. and Mrs. C. and several other patients were mentally able to *enjoy* the outings to see the tree, but Madam had said, in my hearing that she did not care to have either of *them* go out with her, and as Madam would not permit her assistants to give the patients this visit to the tree, this settled their fate. Seeing this and other unnecessary tyranny, and having the realization that there was no active sympathy in the house for me, added to my already inexpressible grief.

The Christmas holidays brought me three feast memen-

toes. One, a pretty Christmas card from a bachelor friend of mine, addressed to me and directed to the Institution. The second was a box containing two fine linen handkerchiefs, and a pink silk necktie. My third gift was a box of fine candies. These remembrances on the part of my friend gave me a saddened pleasure. Here is a proof that my friends know where I am. Then my hopes grew, and I actually found myself thinking I was in a position to be called for; and thus I would be taken from the Institution. The pink necktie created quite a flutter among my friends of the Mad-House. Deciding, on the sly, whether it was or was not becoming, or if the bow should be placed at the front, at the throat, or at the back of the neck. As Madam did not give me even such effects as had been sent for my use, the pink tie, because of its freshness, was worn at all times when I expected to see persons other than those on the Hall.

Having received a letter from my Irish lady friend, Madam Pike kindly permitted me to write to her again. I wrote as follows:

MY DEAR MISS —— AND SWEETEST OF FRIENDS:

The unique Christmas card, with season's wishes, has been delivered to me; also the Christmas number of the Lady of the House, the Weekly Freeman, and the Anglo-Celt. Each was received on the eve of Christmas, and gave me pleasure in its own way; and for each gift and the pleasure found I thank you. The Anglo-Celt's notice of Mr. C. B. T.'s book is the longest editorial notice the book has received. In order that you may not feel mortified by his failure to thank the editor, after the editor favored you, I ask that you will send Mr. C. B. T.'s address to the editor (Mr. T.'s address given here). Mr. T. will then write, and if he continues his usual courtesy he will order copies of the number of the Anglo-Celt. Do as I tell you and save yourself any mortification which silence on his part will bring about. I sent you both a Christmas and a New Year's letter. If Santa Claus did as I would have him do, then your "stocking" was well filled with gifts. If your friends blended my friendship with theirs then you

received many merry words of greeting, and if the "Divine Infant" answered a sinner's prayers, then many special graces are given you to assist you through the coming year, that you may be spared that weakness through which human nature so easily loses the inheritance of Heaven.

Happy greetings to all Irish friends, and love for yourself. Write soon again to your friend.

P. S.—Same old address. It will reach me.

About this season of the year a sealed letter was given me, the contents of which are as follows:

DEAR MADAM:—We have several times reminded you that your account, as set forth above, has been placed in our hands with instructions to collect. We have given you several opportunities to settle this claim, but as yet you have failed to do so. Therefore, we have been instructed to take whatever legal proceedings we might find necessary to enable us to make the collection. We do not like to do this until we have given you a last chance to adjust the matter in some way and thereby save you unnecessary Court, Sheriff and Attorney fees, that will have to be paid if legal proceedings are commenced against you. These fees will probably amount to more than double the original bill. Trusting you will attend to this matter at once and thereby save yourself unnecessary trouble and expense, we are,

Yours very truly,

Madam permitted me to answer this letter, so I wrote as follows:

GENTLEMEN: About four years since I paid, in advance, for one year's subscription for the magazine. Since then I have several times written to Mr. G. that I could not renew my subscription. He paid no attention to my notices, but from time to time I received the magazine, and I believe faithfully returned by mail most of the numbers, if not all of them. Your notice asking me for the payment for three years subscription, amounting to $3.00, is at hand. I am away from

my effects, so I am unable to look among them for any copies I may have laid aside without returning them All I can say is, that I did not subscribe for the book. I will mention that I am not going to leave the state, or in any way evade any just payment.

Most respectfully,

March 22, 1903.

CHAPTER IX.

"Better knot straws, than nothing."

DAY after day passes. Nothing but the same routine. My life is a hardship as much as it is a blank. Of course, in the morning, and at noon, when the sun was bright, I could enjoy watching the glories of the day; and in the evening of such a day I could watch the broad sun sink down in its tranquillity. And after the twilight I could see, through the iron bars of my window, "the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade," and look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West; and view the scenes about me, as they were under the light of "The Fair daughter of the Night." But these nocturnal beauties could not compensate for the deprivation of one's liberty. Even in the inclement weather, the howling of the wind, the pattering of the rain on the windows and the swaying of the trees were, however, all objects of interest to me.

I am making an effort to win my dismissal. I am docile; I make efforts to be industrious as well as to entertain myself and others. I have several waists here, but Madam will not permit me to use them. As the sleeves I wear are in a ragged condition, I have patched them with figured lace. The heavy design of the lace served to hide the notes I write, in hope of being able to send them to outside friends. The notes to which I now refer were sewed in black ribbon bags, by the light of the moon. Three or four times Madam Pike loaned me the use of scissors; later she refused to let me have them. I failed to account for her refusal, as I had always returned them to her without delay. In consequence of this refusal on her part, I treasured more than ever a big darning needle which I have. It served me as a pair of scissors, to embroider notes to outsiders, for my cobbling work, and other odd jobs. As the nurses would at any moment remove any and all the effects from my room, I tried to keep this one possession by using it as a hairpin, when it was not in use otherwise. Once I had the use of a bottle of glue. By the use of my darning needle I managed to cut out letters in words, from a magazine, and then arranged them in a message to a friend asking her to visit me, and to secure my release.

A series of rather theatrical attempts to communicate with a patient, whose home was in the city where I lived, gave me occupation, and, because of its taxing my ingenuity, not a little interest, although to speak to the patient was forbidden, but by mutual consent we communicated by signs, looks and notes. We changed underskirts with each other. I then sewed in the hem of her skirt notes which were written on small pieces of unbleached muslin. We then made a second change of skirts. Once I tossed to her a note containing a message to an outsider, she and I spontaneously realized that the assistant nurse had discovered that a communication was existing. I was ordered to my room and told to be quiet. In the act of obeying her order I passed the door of the patient. To my relief, she had not only placed her foot over the note, but had assumed an innocent air. It was a thrilling and a ridiculous situation, and not the only one of its kind in my experience. Madam Pike, having heard of the occurrence, thought I had accomplished all I could do in that direction toward reaching outsiders; so she walked rapidly up and down the Hall making the same old hissing sound I had so often heard. And because one of the patients inquired: "Oh what is letting off steam?" she accused me of asking the question, when it was proven throught the testimony of others that I had not done so. She ordered me to my room, saying: "I will lock you up, anyway, for I know you are friendly with the one who did." As I was convulsed with a passing merriment, I was relieved to be alone. A few days after the patient's departure Madam laid in my lap a number of small notes which I had placed in the patient's hat, garters, and the hems of her different garments, saying as she did so: "I have kept the ones written on the unbleached muslin, and if you mean to sue the Institution I will present them in the case." Another instance happened: Madam gave me a newspaper clipping which gave an account of a boy (son of a minister

whose pastorate was in New Jersey) who had been spirited away. After a day had passed Madam inquired whether I had said the boy was of course in Mt. Anchor, where they did such things. My reply was that I had not. "Oh," she said, "you are not as smart as I thought you were." *I began to feel sorry for Madam Pike, to sympathize with the other Madams, and for the reputation of the Institution; and an additional alarm came to me concerning my own fate.* Of course I could not mention these situations; otherwise I would place myself in a position to be severely criticised; but I did mention, in a general way, that Madam's nursing was *too severe.*

I instituted calling the patients as is done in official life, by the name of the State, or city, or town, or country, from which each had come. Madam even gave many of the patients happy smiles by calling them in this manner. Whenever I could find any puzzle pictures, word-making, or anything of the sort, I used them as a diversion. Among the newspapers I was loaned was a copy of the New York Herald. Having read the news, I was able to tell the patients of the inauguration of President Roosevelt. The old Irish lady inquired of his record; when I told her of his being the youngest in age; the twenty-fifth in line; a writer of *belles-lettres* and essays, and the author of a dozen or more books, as well as a warrior, she became excited and expressed a desire to leave the Institution so that she could enjoy the benefits of his administration. Here she was interrupted by another patient, who asked her to tell the President to have the *Laws of our country changed, so they could all get out.*" A third remarked she had been thinking about the President, and she felt he must be handsome, and when he came with the doctors she would offer him a cup of tea. Just then Madam passed by, and ordered silence.

The copy of this paper served me to make hats of paper; the colored parts forming the ribbons, and when split also the feathers. It was surprising to see the interest the patients took in the hats, some of them looking very well in my maiden efforts in the art. One patient looked really pretty. When

all was arranged with her veil, even Madam Pike said something pleasant about "the opening day." Here let me add that a little pleasantness to the patients by Madam and the very atmosphere of the Mad-House was changed. Through the assistance and instructions of Mrs. M., I made boats, lamp shades, dress waists, stars and many other articles of the paper.

About this season of the year a sunbeam entered the Mad-House and lodged in the Hall where I was. The sunbeam was a new patient, of small stature, with a bright smile, and a neat, pretty figure. She had of her own sweet will entered the Institution to have her nerves strengthened. She would sit with me, and give my lot in being there such sweet sympathy. Our intercourse lasted for about four months. After that time, during the remaining weeks of her stay, Madam, without any definite cause, first made a disguised effort to destroy our friendship, and finding such efforts on her part had failed, she forbade me to leave my room, and requested the other patients not to speak with me, saying "that I was there for treatment, she did not wish me to talk." After that act on the part of Madam my friend and I had only short chats, which we openly took, or enjoyed on the sly. Formerly I sat with Miss J., who is a lady of some seventy years. She is paralyzed and has to be lifted from the bed to the rocking chair. She had recovered from whatever mental trouble she ever had *long before my arrival at the Institution.* She had known my mother, her niece had been my classmate. In an impressive manner she said: "This life is so unnatural; I want healthy company; I want to leave the insane. I want to die out of the Mad-House." Her description of her helpless condition, and the natural fears which came over her when a *new* patient, or one or two of the old ones, would come to her doorway was indeed pitiful. She said to me: "When you go home, won't you arrange for me to leave here? To ask this favor for myself may drive away those who do visit me. I am solely dependent upon my people, for there is a law or rule that *the authorities of the Institution have nothing to do with the patients but to care for them until called for.*" Our friendship was sweet, but after six months Madam put a stop

to it, repeating as she did so her usual expression that she "hated talk, talk, talk, noise, bustle and confusion." Confusion, in her opinion, meant any of the patients not being in their own chairs or rooms, keeping silence; or laboring in silence about the Institution. The other day Miss J. sent for me. I responded in spite of Madam's orders. It was my last visit to her. I told her amidst her tears and mine of my orders concerning her. She remarked: "You are my consolation, but it is best to obey, and thus try to win your dismissal from the Institution." Before letting me leave her she took my hand, thanked me for the wild flowers, dainty leaves, blossoms and other similar bits of nature which I had brought to her after I had taken an outing; and for singing for her some of the old songs. These attentions, she said, had been to her a joy. "When you do get released from here try to arrange," she pleaded, "to let me spend my last days out of the Insane Asylum." We then bade each other good-bye. After that visit to her I only gave her a sweet word on the sly, as well as the usual greeting of the day. Hoping one day to cheer her, I lingered at the entrance of her door to tell her of the accidental fire of the previous day; that is, what I knew of the fire, which was when I saw the reflections of the flames through the transom. I at once started to offer my assistance; one of the patients, noticing my motive, cried: "Stop! let the damn thing burn."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I attended religious services. Several Madams and one or two of the patients wished me a happy new year. The Head of the House sent to the patients a generous helping of candy. The meals served at the Institution were in every respect equal to those of a standard hotel. Delicious soup, turkey, salt-water oysters, jellies, pickles, sauces, cider, buttermilk, different kinds of syrups, pudding with wine sauce, the best of fruits, raisins, nuts, the finest assorted crackers, custards, ices, and different kinds of ice-cream were frequent additions to the meals. On holidays the dining room and the Hall were both decorated with holly and flowers. At half

past six in the evening Madam Pike ordered every one of us to retire. So the day for those on that Hall was over.

Eight o'clock was, by the rule of the house, the time for retiring, but Madam did not observe this rule. I only answer for myself: it made the night's rest too long to be sent to absolute quiet and sleep at half past six or seven in the evening. A patient asked Madam Superioress to allow her bedroom door to be left open until eight o'clock. The request was granted, and Madam Pike obeyed the order, but as no questions were asked, and no one else complained, the other patients were deprived of their rights. As for myself, to make complaints or ask favors, appeared to me as though I was resigned to my detention; therefore, I used all of my words toward gaining my liberty, and notwithstanding my efforts in that direction I only met with failure. The other day Madam Pike complained to me of my conduct at the entertainment of the previous evening. I was, she said, "the only patient whom she had to *correct*." The word correct forced me to remember that she had instructed me to remove my foot from the round of the chair which was directly in advance of the seat I occupied. On another occasion, because she found some of the notes I had prepared, in hopes by means of stratagem to reach outsiders, she gave me a severe push, and called me deceitful and dishonorable for giving, as she said, "notes to patients who were *soon* to return to their respective homes." Another time, as I was about to enter the Chapel door, she motioned that I generally sat on the end of the first pew, and requested me to come back. I obeyed. She informed me she noticed that I would not continue to do so, saying: She would give her reasons to me *sometime soon*. The promise to tell me sometime soon surely meant that she knew I was to stay here. As her language had many other times conveyed to me this idea it added to my grief and anxiety and was maddening to me; yet, as her language conveyed the idea that at a future date I was to leave here, it gave me relief. In despeartion I told her of the impression her language conveyed. "Please, Madam, don't talk that way, it sounds and looks as though you had agreed to keep me for a given time. As I made my

appeal *as a test,* her response was waited for. To my surprise she began to laugh, and said: "Now, those very words condemn you; you are the only patient who required a talking to to-day.'" More than once Madam Pike placed her hand on my chest and gave me such a push that I was over an hour getting back my strength. The direct cause on such an occasion being my request to assist her in moving a few chairs from one room to another. On each of these mentioned incidents Madam Pike added the threat to tell to the Head of the House, and perhaps the doctors, of the number of times she was compelled speak to me. Each time I heard these threats I wondered in what false manner she would place before others such trifles as to make them appear as mental disorders.

The resident physicians have each their own keys, and are at liberty to speak with the patients, but Madam Pike would correct the patients, especially myself, for being *bold* because we spoke with the doctors; because I would in various ways make my demands to know why I was incarcerated. However, I managed to tell Dr. Salt that the one subject of obtaining my release was absorbing my vitality; and I asked him if the medicine which he gave me was not directly given to cure weakness of the throat. I was not answered. The next morning I made so bold as not only to speak with the resident physician, but asked him to tell me by what means I could win my dismissal from the Institution. Madam heard my question, and in a voice like the sting of a wasp ordered me to my room and locked me up. Ten minutes later she opened my door, and because I smiled and thanked her it roused her temper, and she locked me up again. I then embroidered a note on ribbon, awaiting the next opportunity to reach its destination. When my door was next unlocked I went to the sitting room. There I found a dying patient resting on a cane sofa. I learned that her mind was strained; physically I knew she had dropsy and consumption. Although forbidden to do so, I spoke to her. She expressed her regrets that Madam Pike would not allow anyone to lie on the bed in daytime, and that her only resting place was where so many others sat. The last time I saw this patient Madam

had driven her, in her characteristic manner, to the dinner table and ordered her to eat soup. The second attempt to raise the spoon to her lips caused an outburst of retching. In answer to her request to be excused she received orders to leave the table, and stop disturbing the other patients. This patient died within a few days.

CHAPTER X.

ANECDOTES. EASTER, AND THE PICNIC.

MANY of the patients had taken interest in the illness of Queen Victoria. The day when we learned the sad news of her death the Irish gentlewoman patient said: "On earth the Queen had been first; now in heaven she would be second to the angels." The patients also rejoiced in the approaching coronation of King Edward. The dear old gentlewoman patient from Ireland related in an old fashioned style, that "the King had married Alexandra, who is the fair and good daughter of the King of Denmark, who ruled over land by the sea." She mentioned that the Irish had always loved her from the hour she had been pledged to wed their sportive Prince. The patients are so like children that I ventured to compose a story for them, taking of course the national event of the coronation of the new King and Queen for the foundation of the story. The beginning of which was the old, old rhyme:

> "Pussy cat, pussy cat,
> Where have you been?
> I have been to London to see the Queen.
> Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
> I frightened a wee mouse under the chair."

The story about the cat and the mouse who attended the coronation ceremony of that noted event gave decided delight. When the part of the story was reached where the mouse had nestled in the robes of the Queen, and thus made an escape from the vigilant eye of the cat, not a few of the patients clapped their hands. Later when the fate of the cat was known, that he was allowed to make his home with the royal couple because he had frightened away the mouse, they complimented the King upon his goodness to the cat. They congratulated the cat that he could now protect the Queen

from being frightened by the mouse. The story was scarcely finished when the patients were told to prepare for an outing in the recreation grove, where swings, chair-swings, hammocks, benches, summer houses and one large pavilion were to be found for the use of the household. Being there I could catch the happy lay of the birds, watch the swallow sail through the air, and the leaps and quick runnings of the squirrels. I could also gather nuts and a few field flowers. It was in the grove the patients of the different Halls had intercourse with each other. Croquet and hand-ball were the favorite games. On one occasion while sitting under the trees a talkative and handsome looking woman from Massachusetts was engaged in telling of her extensive travels. When she had completed her description, and had expressed her own opinion of the globe on which we live, one of the patients gave her a bow and sarcastically asked: "And have you ever sat on the North Pole?"

I was strictly forbidden by Madam Pike to speak with a certain patient who had lived near my own home, and who had known my people. I managed, however, to do so. As she gave correct items of news of outsiders, and past events, I urged her to tell me her opinion of the Institution. To my astonishment she accused Madam Pike of having drugged her to prevent her attending her mother's funeral. She continued: "Madam knew I would tell of her cruelty." "How do you know?" I inquired, "that she gave you a drug?" "From the effect I suffered," she answered. "Did you tell of this suspicion, and also speak of her probable motive?" I inquired. She answered: "Yes." In further conversation she spoke favorably of the other Madams. I heard all she said without comment. Returning to the Hall I had fears of breaking down and making an exhibition of tears. As I did not care to be caught crying, I went to the piano to find relief in music. I played a few waltzes, but their brightness was not in harmony with my feelings. My next selection being R. Schmann's "Thou Sunny Beam," as I called my well-minded friend by this title, and the words of the song, "Too narrow in my room, my home, and in the bowery grove I roam," so fitted in with

CHAPTER X.

ANECDOTES. EASTER, AND THE PICNIC.

MANY of the patients had taken interest in the illness of Queen Victoria. The day when we learned the sad news of her death the Irish gentlewoman patient said: "On earth the Queen had been first; now in heaven she would be second to the angels." The patients also rejoiced in the approaching coronation of King Edward. The dear old gentlewoman patient from Ireland related in an old fashioned style, that "the King had married Alexandra, who is the fair and good daughter of the King of Denmark, who ruled over land by the sea." She mentioned that the Irish had always loved her from the hour she had been pledged to wed their sportive Prince. The patients are so like children that I ventured to compose a story for them, taking of course the national event of the coronation of the new King and Queen for the foundation of the story. The beginning of which was the old, old rhyme:

> "Pussy cat, pussy cat,
> Where have you been?
> I have been to London to see the Queen.
> Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
> I frightened a wee mouse under the chair."

The story about the cat and the mouse who attended the coronation ceremony of that noted event gave decided delight. When the part of the story was reached where the mouse had nestled in the robes of the Queen, and thus made an escape from the vigilant eye of the cat, not a few of the patients clapped their hands. Later when the fate of the cat was known, that he was allowed to make his home with the royal couple because he had frightened away the mouse, they complimented the King upon his goodness to the cat. They congratulated the cat that he could now protect the Queen

from being frightened by the mouse. The story was scarcely finished when the patients were told to prepare for an outing in the recreation grove, where swings, chair-swings, hammocks, benches, summer houses and one large pavilion were to be found for the use of the household. Being there I could catch the happy lay of the birds, watch the swallow sail through the air, and the leaps and quick runnings of the squirrels. I could also gather nuts and a few field flowers. It was in the grove the patients of the different Halls had intercourse with each other. Croquet and hand-ball were the favorite games. On one occasion while sitting under the trees a talkative and handsome looking woman from Massachusetts was engaged in telling of her extensive travels. When she had completed her description, and had expressed her own opinion of the globe on which we live, one of the patients gave her a bow and sarcastically asked: "And have you ever sat on the North Pole?"

I was strictly forbidden by Madam Pike to speak with a certain patient who had lived near my own home, and who had known my people. I managed, however, to do so. As she gave correct items of news of outsiders, and past events, I urged her to tell me her opinion of the Institution. To my astonishment she accused Madam Pike of having drugged her to prevent her attending her mother's funeral. She continued: "Madam knew I would tell of her cruelty." "How do you know?" I inquired, "that she gave you a drug?" "From the effect I suffered," she answered. "Did you tell of this suspicion, and also speak of her probable motive?" I inquired. She answered: "Yes." In further conversation she spoke favorably of the other Madams. I heard all she said without comment. Returning to the Hall I had fears of breaking down and making an exhibition of tears. As I did not care to be caught crying, I went to the piano to find relief in music. I played a few waltzes, but their brightness was not in harmony with my feelings. My next selection being R. Schmann's "Thou Sunny Beam," as I called my well-minded friend by this title, and the words of the song, "Too narrow in my room, my home, and in the bowery grove I roam," so fitted in with

not to receive visitors on the first Sunday of each month. Madam Pike passed down the Hall, telling us as she did so of the new rule, and as she passed Mrs. M.'s room she said: "Ha! ha! now see if you will hear so much outside news. Now you will probably not see your husband so often." As I did not learn anything further about the rule I will refrain from mentioning my surmises as to who instigated that rule.

During the Lenten season Dr. Salt's assistant joined in the church music. He sang well, but in a spirit of mischief I told a patient that the doctor sang through his nose. "Oh, my!" she said, "he should use his mouth and throat. Doctor Salt would soon have him locked up." And she continued soliloquizing: "I suppose the doctor's assistant will be given one of the best rooms."

Long ago I knew Professor Blank, who had, so he told me, spent a winter in Iceland. He taught me the national music of that region. When I sang it the patients were delighted, and one of them remarked: "I rather like that music, and would enjoy it, but this room is hot enough to roast the fire, and as that melts such music, give us another song." This patient would frequently crawl lengthwise under the piano, give a peculiar shake of the head, which was really funny, and then she would exclaim: "Hail Columbia!" or "it is time to pass around the chicken legs!" The Ladies Home Journal published the Martha Washington Two-Step. As it is dedicated to the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, a member of which I am, its pretty music gave me double pleasure. A loquacious patient questioned me regarding the patriotic societies. When she had learned the aim of the societies she commented as follows: "So you commemorate a fight? Well, I think dancing is the sort of patriotism best for woman," and here she danced with surprising agility.

A copy of the New York Mail and Express was loaned me. The paper gave a description of walking canes. The patients looked at the picture of them, and decided that the owners of them should be here, because they had one idea that should be caned out of them. Another patient added: "Oh,

no! don't bring the poor fellows here." "Yes, but he must be cured," was the answer; "you see, people write books, and that brings other people here." This remark ended their words.

One day, while I was playing on the piano, Dr. Salt entered the room. After greeting the patients — a courtesy which pleased *some* of them, for it seemed to raise their hopes that he thought them sensible enough to be noticed — he asked me to play the piano for him. In referring later to the selection I made I informed Madam Pike that "Home, Sweet Home" was significant; and if this had not won my dismissal from the Institution, another such request I would play "The Tempest of the Heart."

There were shoes in my trunk, but as Madam Pike failed to let me have the use of them there was nothing left for me to do but to become my own cobbler. One of the Madams gave me a piece of cardboard and some strong thread. By the use of my big darning needle I drew the thread through the sole of the shoe, and in this manner I secured foot protection. One of the patients evinced interest in my new occupation; but a suggestion that I might hang up my shingle was vetoed; for any amusement we did have was generally by stealth, and in the midst of it or at the finish we were all either locked up in our respective rooms or some one or more of the patients received a thrashing; or Madam Pike would strike the bridge or side of a patient's nose with the keys. Never will I forget my first impression of such a use of the keys, her cruel temper had dictated a double use for them to inflict pain on others.

Once I overheard two patients trying to settle a dispute — the supremacy of idle words, expressed incoherently. As far as I had an opportunity to know the dispute was closed by one of them telling the other: "It is all right; she could have her own way, for she certainly was right from her head up." It was noticeable that each deemed herself successful in the dispute. There were games on our Hall. I supposed they were for general use; but Madam only loaned them to several favored patients. She would neither play with me nor let me

play with others; but it was noticeable and amusing to me, when looking on at the game in which she took part, that the dice she threw generally showed double sixes. If a patient happened to throw double sixes she would, with insinuating tone and manner, say: "Ah! indeed?" in a manner that frightened two-thirds of the patients with whom she played. Madam's favorite patient was one with whom she frequently enjoyed the game, and upon whom she could rely for any sort of labor; yet she compelled that patient to wear shoes that made her suffer. The patient, telling me of her painful feet, said that Madam made her wear tight shoes to punish her. Here she entered the room where I was standing, hissed at me, blamed me with her suffering feet, and said: "I suppose you studied French. Now," she continued, "get out of here!" *I obeyed.* Returning to my room I found Madam Pike there; so I questioned her about my dismissal from the Institution. Turning her eyes on me, she laughed, and in her severe manner left the room. Her act caused me to recall the saying of a learned friend of mine, that "civilized beings are tigers, under the appearance of christianity and civilization." Sometimes for days she would deny me the use of toilet soap. Several times when she discovered Madam Assistant had given me toilet soap, she called me selfish, and said I was bold about getting privileges. For ten weeks I was without a tooth brush, although I offered to give a check for its value. I then asked Dr. Salt to prescribe one for me. On that same day I asked the Head of the House for a tooth brush. She told me that Madam Pike had complete charge of me, but that she would give me a tooth brush. And she kept her word. Once when I was telling Madam Pike of my copyrights, as I spoke with her I was standing in the doorway, prior to going up stairs to the sewing room, she rushed at me and yelled: "Go along with you, and your copyrights," and the violent shove she administered to me left me but the choice either to fall against the stairway or to plunge head first on the down flight of the same stairway. I saved myself, however, from either fate; but physically I received a severe shock, and I trembled for some time. When I returned from the sewing

class Madam Pike met me and said she wanted me to know that she did not believe for one moment that I had always been such a gentle, amiable, polite lady as I had been in Mt. Anchor. Within a few days Madam gave me an opportunity to ask her if she thought I was naturally a rough, ill-tempered creature, would she not consider my ability for self-control, and dismiss me from the Institution? The same old command, the same old order, was given to me: "Go at once to your room and be quiet." This was in keeping with her act when, with her usual smile, the patients were told to stand aside and to let the Honorable Miss Star go in advance. Such acts on the part of Madam caused me to realize that it was beyond me to draw sensible conclusions as to her state of mind. I felt that all I could do was to suffer, and to memorize her acts and words.

Any and all questions and answers regarding the hoped-for dismissal from the Mad-House met from Madam a savage comment. The word savage is selected because of her manner and her voice. As an instance, a sweet-minded, gentle widow spoke to the doctor. Her sweet voice was drowned by the hoarse tones of the Madam, who in an abrupt, triumphant manner informed the widow that she could not leave the asylum until she weighed fully twenty-five pounds more than she then did. The patient came to me and said she was fifty years of age, and asked me what chance she had to gain the twenty-five pounds.

The natural laws of self-protection are instinctively and practically carried out, even by persons without memory and reason. More than once, when Madam Pike would irritate the patients, they would strike out their arms. Such an act, even if not endangering Madam's person, would be seized by her as an incentive to treat the patient unmercifully, and finally to put her in a straight-jacket. That not being enough she would then tie a pillow-slip over the head of the patient. The order was given not to put potatoes in the soup. An absent-minded patient forgot the order, and was in the act of putting them into the plate, when Madam seized the woman's hand. The patient turned, and gave Madam a look, saying

as she did so: *"See here, woman, are you insane?"* I will knock you down, you don't even give me peace at the ——" Here I heard a severe fall, and a groan of pain; and then quickly came the words from Madam Pike's lips: "Now, who is down first?" Turning, I saw the delicate form of the patient in a heap on the floor.

When the locusts came in great numbers, a patient was telling me of a dream she had. "The locusts sang the name of Pharaoh," and that she "saw that *gentleman* surrounded by locusts, sailing up the Chesapeake Bay and advancing toward the tomb erected to General Grant." As the patient reached this part of her dream Madam Pike passed by and demanded silence. The teller of the dream hissed her, and said: "You might let some one have a chat; but the chats of the earth seem only for you." When Madam Pike would meet a patient walking aimlessly she would demand to know where the patient thought she was going, and charged her not to dare to go near the *water pitcher.* On one occasion the answer was: "I am looking for Faith, Hope and Charity; do you happen to have any of those attributes?" Any gratification which the last question afforded me was soon crushed, for by hard slaps the patient was beaten almost to insensibility.

When the Emperor of Germany sent his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to this country, the latter was much talked of by the patients. I named embroidered stitches in honor of His Highness. This caused one of the patients to say that the emperor would be pleased when he heard that even the stitches of the sewing-room had been so named. One of the patients, when excited, would order everybody out of the Hall, following the order by a threat to call the Law, as she expressed it, and accompanied by an act of hunting for an officer. When a patient threw articles out of the window it seemed to me somewhat just that the grasp of her fingers should be restricted by mittens; but generally a patient with such traits is strapped to a chair. One patient had a habit of crawling lengthwise under the piano, but when she discovered that the chair was an obstacle, she said: "This chair is indeed like politics, for some men,— it stands in the way of progress."

This same patient regarded the name of her native place as a secret; yet it was noticeable to me that she would give that information in the form of a defence. When in experimental mood I suggested to the other patients to ask Madam Pike for a drink they generally refused to do so, which told me something of their judgment and their fear of the woman. When Madam Pike gave the patients their baths I would hear the following: "Oh, Madam, don't scald me any more." Then came sounds of severe slapping; and not infrequently I would hear a hard fall. When Madam Pike called the patients to come to their beds I saw her *beat each one over the head as they would pass by her in procession.* If any of them cried out aloud, she would tie them in bed, for, as she said, "making that noise which disturbed others." At least that was the account which the patients gave.

EASTER.

This is the day of a happy morn. The sunlit air ringing with the sound of sweet bells. In the morning the Divine Services were celebrated with special solemnity and the joyous music of hallelujah. The patients marked the day by adding to their costumes the flowery emblems of Easter. Returning from the Chapel I decided to give my room a festive touch by making crosses out of the palm received on Palm Sunday. While engaged in this occupation my thoughts were distracted by watching the beauties of the sky, the dancing of the sunbeams, while the strains of the music box poured out the hymn of the Feast, and the canary bird joined with its tender trilling in the general harmony of spring and Easter. While taking recreation in the grove I paid a visit to my friends the rabbits, carrying with me my Easter gifts of selected grasses and herbs. Owing to the mildness of the winter, all nature was awakening to pay tribute to the joyous Eastertide!

In the afternoon I sang for the patients a ballad entitled "Johnny Sands," which tells of a quarrel between a man and his wife. When it came to the part where the wife was left drowning in the water, as the result of a trick she intended to play on her husband, several of them clapped their hands

with delight. This selection was followed by an instrumental piece, which was interrupted by a patient, who called out: "Now render the variation part." "Indeed," said a second one, "I would like to have the abbreviation of *that*," emphasizing the word *that*. Just then Madam Pike entered the room, ordered the piano closed, and forbade me ever again to play, giving as her reason that the patients did not deserve entertainment.

On *Picnic Day For Our Hall* several of the patients inquired of me: "Do you think Madam Pike will permit us to laugh, talk, take a row on the lake, use the swing, and seek such pastimes as the patients on the other Halls are permitted to do?" As these questions arose a melancholy doubt and a laugh were excited in me. Charles Dickens, Dean Swift and Mark Twain, lend me your descriptive powers to do justice to the management of this picnic. In the first place the poor dying consumptive was incased in a straight-jacket, then placed on a chair and told to be quiet. Several patients whose interest in life was solely centered in their surroundings were physically able to go, but were not invited to do so. Their regrets threw a damper over the feelings of those who were invited. The patients knew that Madam Pike did not wish any one to talk with me. No one was permitted to converse with Mrs. C., or Mrs. M., both being particularly companionable persons. It was under these depressing conditions the journey to the picnic grounds commenced. The patients were quiet, they walked slowly, and in a straight line. Not finding any favorable opportunity to make my escape, I did the same. As we advanced the blossoms of the chestnut tree overtopped the choice plants, flowers and shrubbery of the grounds. The song of the birds and the balm of the atmosphere made the day only equaled by another beautiful day in June. The lesser and smaller flowers seemed to be paying their homage to the rose, their queen. This suggested to me the relating of the plot "The Opera of Flowers," which is as follows: One time the flowers held a meeting. A dispute arose as to which of them should be chosen queen. The heather-bell and others asserted their rights by claiming to be the first flowers to hail

the opening spring. The sunflower sang of its lofty heights, and rich colors. Before I had time to tell that a prince came along and settled the dispute, and the final chorus was that "the rose our queen shall be," I was interrupted by a patient, who said: "I know nothing of the flower opera; but," she continued, "I always thought the sunflower had the impudence of the devil; now I know it." The picnic grounds are ideal in beauty, and show attractions rarely found in combination. The whole place has a purity and tranquility about it which seems scarcely like this sad world. It may be, indeed it is, necessary to tell that only the more reliable sort of patients were of the party; they were, in consequence, sufficiently reliable under the care of the assistant nurse to enjoy any sports available. Madam Pike, however, did not allow them to sit on the steps leading to the water; an attempt on my part to do so was met with a severe reprimand, accompanied by a threat to report the *necessity* for watching me and correcting my acts. Nor were they permitted to go boating on the lake; nor by throwing stones to make pretty waves and ringlets in the water. In lecture form she told us what we could do, and what we could not enjoy. When she had finished speaking no one felt at liberty to act otherwise than to select a seat and be quiet. Having given us these parting injunctions, she shook her head, waved both hands, and said: "Now, I hate talk, talk, talk; and, mind you, I intend to have peace." By and by she and several of the patients retired to the picnic house on the grounds. Later on their kind efforts, while engaged there, resulted in giving us two well-cooked meals, ice-cream being included in the menu. While she and her assistants were thus employed Madam Pike would from time to time, in a manner both severe and threatening, look out of the window, or appear on the porch, or mingle among the patients, to prove that she was investigating whether the participators were carrying out her ideas of picnic manners. To the better-balanced minds I said: "Let us strike attitudes, and play we are statues; that will be quiet enough. Now, how is this for 'Mutiny Against Tyranny'? Just then the indulgent assistant nurse formed a little group. She then

told us of a parrot show where the smartest chattering of a parrot was to win a prize. In a quiet moment a man, with a satisfied air, uncovered the bird that won the prize by exclaiming: "Oh what a lot of pollies!" The old story concerning the ring and bone in the fish afforded its own pleasures. Toward evening we patients resorted to the pavilion. A song gently rendered by a patient ran thus: "Oh! the watermelon on the vine. You may talk about your peaches, but give me, oh give me, the watermelon on the vine." While gentle merrymakings, greatly subdued by Madam Pike's commands, were thus in progress, Madam Pike and her assistants arrived in our midst with packages and baskets. The effect of her presence caused me to quote: "And all the air a solemn stillness holds." I suppose she not only heard, but understood, the idea conveyed, for her countenance grew dark, and she shot a long stare at me, remarking: "Ah, indeed, Miss! Is that quotation to show your learning, or to attack?" My answer was an offer to relieve her of one of the baskets. Just then a funny-talking patient placed her hand in one of the baskets and helped herself to part of a sugar cake. I was surprised to notice that Madam Pike submitted kindly to this act. Daring as I was I had not the courage to take a cake from Madam Pike's picnic basket. There is a limit to my courage. As Madam was silent an apology was formnig itself in my mind, when Madam said to the patient: "If you will insist upon taking a cake, take a whole one." When it had been made known that we were to have a picnic I had hoped that the blind girl would be of the party, but she was left in her room. As I had never relaxed my interest in Mrs. C., I spoke with her quietly, saying: "The grounds are beautiful and romantic in appearance, so of course you have enjoyed the day." She gave me one of the saddest of looks, and said: "I cannot enjoy anything, living in solitary confinement in a lunatic asylum." She remarked: "Your spirits, Miss Star, will sooner or later be broken as mine have been." While we were engaged in talking I overheard Madam Pike order the assistant nurse to join some one, I failed to catch the name, and to "report every word she says." Later the assistant nurse

not only joined me, but stayed with me. This act causing me to recall, and act upon the idea found in the Hoosier poet's lines: "If you don't watch out, the goblins will catch you." When I reached a big stone, I paused on it and said:: "Give me liberty or give me death." On returning to the Institution fate imposed on me the ordeal of remaining silent. So I listened to Madam Pike giving a description of the day, which, she said, had been a success. "Ye ministering angels of joy and justice!" To my way of thinking, the picnic part of the day had been "without regard to the spirit, or without due allowance," or had wound up with the same interrogation point as when it began. Was it or was it not? That night, before going to sleep, I thought life on this Hall would be easier if Madam Pike, instead of adopting the ways of Mrs. Joe Gargery, who, as described by Dickens, established a great reputation with herself and her neighbors because she had "brought up her brother Pip by hand," had instead been guided by Private Mulvaney's advice as reported by Kipling: "Hit a man, and help a woman, and ye can't go far from wrong anyways."

I asked so frequently to be allowed to return home that Madam Pike ordered a straight-jacket to be put on me. This is a close-fitting garment made of strong linen. Its sleeves are of sufficient length to cover the entire hand, and are sewed up as mits, or a bag. By means of lacing down the front, and strapping the arms across the body of the patient, she or he became helpless. I was then put in a side room, and, as good fortune favored me, I found myself in the room adjoining that of the blind girl, who was talking at that time to another patient. She announced that she had been in the one room for four years; was not allowed to enter church, nor to take outdoor exercise. She was trying, she said, to save her soul and be reconciled to her imprisonment. That Madam kept her well dressed, but doomed her to live alone. I had a way of watching my chance to converse with her. She did not seem crazy, but at times she was very cross. She frequently expressed a wish to leave the insane.

Protecting the carpet of the hall was a narrow linen cover.

Madam Pike from early morn until late at night was continually screaming for the patients to get off the carpet. She generally accompanied her demand by pushing the patient. If the push resulted in a fall, Madam would say: "Oh! you may fall if you choose," which was a favorite expression of hers after she had *knocked* down a patient. Of course there was deception intended in the use of the sentence; but a knock-down fall and an accidental tumble produce different results. The carpet became a terror to the patients. When they trod on it, and were conscious of the act, they would tremble. They would also tremble when subjected to a peculiar method Madam had of pushing them off of the carpet, which invariably ended in the victim being forced against the wall or the floor. So the nerves of the patients were under continual strain, owing to the mere presence of the carpet.

At the end of the hall were placed two rocking chairs. No one was allowed to use them. If the patients happened to transgress this order the result was similar to those which I have mentioned regarding the carpet. "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doone!" What temper was exhibited on the part of Madam when a patient declared those chairs were like pig tails, more ornamental than useful! It is right to care for household effects, but is it fair to surround the insane and those physically afflicted with effects that must be cared for even at the expense of the patients' nerves, or by the art of nursing? No. And the other Madams neither think nor act on such a basis.

On the Fourth of July a large American flag was placed on its pole. At night, through the iron bars of the windows, the display of fireworks set off by the neighbors could be seen. I knelt in the window with the patient whom I met making my bed the morning after my arrival.

I asked for a prayer book, but Madam permitted me to have the use of one for only about two months.

For about eight months my orders from Madam Pike were that I should stay in my room, not take exercise on the Hall, and not to talk to any of the patients who happened to come to my door. In other words, excepting the four hours,

of five days of the week, when I was a member of the sewing class, I was in solitary confinement. Outdoor life had an extra charm to me. For four months she did not permit me to accompany the other patients in their outings. At the end of those four months well do I recall the beautiful day I was permitted to take outdoor exercise. My muscles had a strange, unnatural feeling of weakness, such as I had once felt after a four weeks' illness; but knowing I had not been ill, and dreading the loss of my health, the weakness frightened me, and I burst into a flood of tears. Several of the better mentally balanced patients offered sympathy to me. One of them threw her arms around me, and promised that when she left the Institution, which was to be in a few days, she would call on my friends. During this outburst of grief one of the Madams came along and commanded me to cease my silly tears. This casual remark from her caused me to turn upon her, and in a desperate manner I demanded that she would leave me alone. To indulge my grief was all the privilege or liberty that I enjoyed; and I meant in this respect to do as I chose. Within half an hour we returned to the house. There I met Madam Pike, to whom I made a double and explanatory appeal to be permitted to take exercise, and to be dismissed from the Institution. Her only answer was her fiendish smile, accompanied by an order not to speak to her; to go at once to my room and be quiet. That same evening, before going to bed, I actually made so bold as to attempt to get a glass of water. When Madam Pike found me at the door of the dining room she ran toward me, placed her hand on my back, and the shove she gave me caused me to go forward at least three or four yards before I was able to control myself. During the months that I was not permitted to take exercise I waited anxiously for the door of my room to be locked. Then I removed my slippers, to suppress every sound, and exercised my muscles by striking attitudes. An unseen spectator would have been amused at my activity. The looking glass of my bureau displayed such sights, for the should-be angelic attitudes were decidedly ridiculous; and the fierce ones were lacking in fierceness. Among the few privileges which I had was permission

to correspond with a friend who lives in Ireland. As I was not permitted to seal the letters which I wrote to her, there was no opportunity to appeal directly to her for help to regain my liberty. However, this lady has been indirectly appealed to by me, for in my first letter to her, as herein stated, I asked her to see me, even if she had to get a lawyer's assistance in order to do so. This Irish friend has in past years been sending me gifts of money. Madam Pike knows of these gifts, and several times when my letters were received she inquired of me whether a money gift was enclosed. When I replied in the negative, she invariably shook her head. I did not know just how to interpret that act on her part; but I made a mental resolution not to sign a postal order if one should come. My not doing so might cause my friend to open correspondence with others to seek information. And this act on her part might result in her learning that I am in durance at an Insane Asylum.

The letters I wrote to her a later date ran thus:

MY MOST CHERISHED FRIEND:

What is the cause of your silence? Rheumatism in your wrist? If so, I ask you to have some one write for you. If any other cause has produced silence on your part, then I cannot imagine just what the cause can be; but for my peace of mind I must hope that nothing more serious than a painful wrist has prevented you from writing me. Again, for consolation, I throw myself into philosophical thoughts, and conclude that "No news is good news." It is in this last state of mind that I now address you. London and its disappointment regarding the coronation of King Edward, as well as the King's illness, has no doubt claimed much of your attention, as it has the people of the world. It is to be hoped by all that the King will soon be well, and the arrangements for future glory will take the place of anxiety. I trust when the affair does occur that you will be able to enjoy a large share of the festivities. The magazines you send me are very consoling; there are pages of their contents which I intend making into a separate booklet. As you direct these magazines to me, there is a

double welcome given them received. The sticks, the flowers, in fact everything that surrounds you are each of interest to me; so never hesitate to write any news that concerns you. The newspapers telling me of your exhibits at the County Shows were received. I have no news of our mutual friends on this side of the ocean. Rest assured I will keep you posted, as far as possible, should anything of note happen. If possible come to see me, and thus bring to me news of yourself, as well as of my other friends in Ireland to whom I wish to be kindly mentioned. Good-bye, my sweet friend; write me soon. I love you. Forgive my stupid letter; it is even too stupid to send.

July 7th, 1902.

I had no sooner finished the letter when my attention was attracted by acts on the part of Madam Pike similar to those which I have told in the preceding pages; but on this occasion one of the patients amused me by calling out "Police, police!" Here the Empress of the Hall suddenly declared she would no longer bear with her noisy subjects. This patient, who claimed to be Queen, Empress, and Creator, was a young and slender woman. She would stand for months in silence, and gesticulate; then suddenly break out in dramatic speech. In this mood she never failed to attract an audience, even the Madams would leave their occupation to join us. Here is a description of how she said she created the different sections of our country. In choice language she decalred as follows: "I created the North, and left it cold and desolate. The South was my last work." There was a shout from the audience, and she continued: "And its skies and lands revelled faultless beauties. The cold-hearted people of the North came and shed blood; and even the crows begged for food. After that disgrace to the country I had created, I placed heavy clouds in the sky to show my displeasure. I came here," she continued, "for a rest. Before coming I locked up all the houses on the earth and brought the keys of their doors with me. This house is mine. You are, all of you, my servants; I will chastise you if you make so bold as to address me. *I dismiss you all.*"

Frequently she would sit for hours, gazing through the iron bars of the windows, looking, as she said, at her property. One day, as I stood watching her, another patient came to me and made the complaint that Madam Pike had broken the seal of her letter; and, she added, "to make fast the seal, I sat on it for fifteen minutes." While I listened to her I turned to find the patient who declared herself to be the cause of all the trouble. She was the first patient whom I first met the morning after my arrival at the Institution. Hearing her words caused me to renew my determination to find out the cause of all *my* trouble, so I went to my room to think. And my thoughts ran as the following chapter will describe.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE day in the month of February Madam Pike, in a rough, coarse growl, screamed at me, her voice sounding as though her soul was suffering and the scream gave her relief. Being in her presence she handed me the receipt for a registered letter from the certified accountants of the city where I lived. She also showed me a note which, she said, was written to a postmaster of a near station. The signature to this note was covered by the use of a piece of paper, so I inquired: "Who wrote this letter?" Again she screamed: "Sign the receipt; sign it." The part of the letter she showed me read as follows: "As Miss Star is an insane inmate of Mt. Anchor, and is not able to leave," etc., "kindly send the registered letter to the Institution." I refused to sign the receipt, saying as I did so: "I am an inmate of Mt. Anchor, and I am not *able* to leave it; but only, Madam, because I am not *permitted* to do so." As I spoke her manner grew more violent, and in a despairing tone she again screamed: "Oh, sign it; sign it." Well, I thought, if I sign it perhaps there will be some legal result in my signature to protect the Institution. Again, if I sign it, Madam Pike may use the signature to her individual advantage, and then let me out of the Institution. For under the circumstances I was entirely under her control; so, if I *pleased* her, I might gain a dismissal. In *despairing hope* I signed the receipt. I had no sooner given my signature than Madam's manner and voice changed to a decidedly more normal condition; and as I walked through the dining room, in obedience to her order, to go to my room, I heard her laughing.

These acts on her part gave me additional fears for my chances for a speedy dismissal from the Institution. In almost a fainting condition I went to my room. When there, the following questions came to me: What object had Madam Pike in covering the signature of the letter? Had she signed it? Had the doctors signed it? Had the Head of the House signed it? Had it been signed by those who brought me here?

Was it signed at all? Or has this transaction been carried out to tempt me to tell it to others, so that she can deny it and thus stamp me as having the imagination of a lunatic? If this last surmise should happen to be correct, then stronger than ever must be my determination to use silence as my safeguard. Perhaps Madam's desire to secure my signature was to show it to others as a proof that I endorsed my inability to leave the Institution. About Christmas Eve I received a check for two dollars, which I refused to indorse because I would not, as I said, yield the handling of my business matters to others. My refusal to sign that check met with Madam Pike's approval; at least with her silence; but when the registered letter came she acted differently. I will be on the look-out for information regarding this matter, and will also seize any opportunity to undo any mistake I may have made by signing my name.

What accounts I hear of myself seem to be, or are, much mixed. When I came here the Head of the Institution told me they did not detain well persons; that they reserved the right to dismiss them. Later on they told me that they did not bring me here, nor were they detaining me. "For," as they said, "*they had nothing to do with me but to care for me until I am called for.*" I wish there was a *different law* in *force*. I wish the Institution was directly responsible for any undue loss of personal liberty, or infringement of property rights. The nurses would *then* be more carefully watched; there would be less temptation to spirit persons away, for, granted that a person was spirited away, the Institution being responsible, would be glad to accept the assistance of outsiders to protect its own reputation. I wish there was a *law to enforce my request to write a private letter,* and a law to prevent *any* scheme by which such a letter can be destroyed, and a blank piece of paper substituted for it; or one to prevent the letter from being withheld from the mail. A letter from a relative whom I had not seen for a long time and, therefore, could not be expected to have any personal knowledge of my present mental condition, brought me the news that the Head of the House had written to him that my health was so much

better that she and the doctors thought I would soon be well and strong. I showed that letter to every rational person whom I saw, and inquired of each what was considered the matter with me. No one answered me. I wonder where the falsehood comes in. If Madam Pike gives the Head of the House and the doctors false reports about me, and these reports are in turn given to outsiders, and I am not allowed to see anybody, where is my release to come from but from Heaven? Thinking I would "mingle method with my madness," I have written to those who brought me here, and asked to be taken to another mad-house.

Of course, in my secret soul, I hoped thus to regain my liberty by escaping. Again I did not believe that I could meet another character like Madam Pike; or that any other Institution would detain me. Of course, I knew that Madam Pike would try to prevent me from getting such a change, and I did not altogether blame her; but, on the other hand, the *effort* to obtain the change might hasten my release. For two, three, or even four, successive months Madam Pike refused to let me write to *any* one whatever. In my judgment it seemed useless for me to complain to the Head of the House; however, I did so, and I received permission of her to write *only* to those who brought me here. This permission did not cover my request, but it was all the privilege I was allowed. So, I sat down to write. While so doing, Madam Pike entered my room, screamed at me, and in a most excited manner seized the ink and other writing materials and left the room, saying she would show me how to request favors over her power, and she would tell the Head of the House that I was not capable of writing a letter, and also ——. I failed to catch the last part of the sentence, as she had passed from the Hall. I took the precaution to mention the episode to the assistant nurse, but, of course, without comment. Yet the writing materials were not returned to me, although I frequently asked for them.

I wish there was a *law* to permit me to converse with outside people whom I asked to see. In September, 1901, Madam Pike, through her influence, advised those who brought me here not to permit my friends to see me. She now, in Febru-

ary, 1902, tells me to get outsiders to help me to regain my liberty; and yet Madam Pike only permitted me to have a three or four minutes interview with the visitor appointed by those who brought me here to care for me, putting an end to this interview by ordering me, *without cause or explanation,* back to the Hall. Through a similar method Madam Pike has prevented me from seeing the members of the Grand Jury; *and, therefore, I wish there was a law to compel the Grand Jurors to interview each of the patients personally by means of a list, and not merely to permit the Jurors to pass through the Institution.* I have been permitted to see only one delegation. That was about March. As Madam Pike had told me I was soon to be dismissed from the Institution, notwithstanding all that had occurred, I relied on her word, and thus I hoped to avoid publicity. A week after I had seen those Jurors, as I was not permitted to leave the house, I expressed my regrets to Madam Pike for having trusted her, or having regarded any circumstances but the regaining of my freedom.

Truly, one could be placed here surrounded by rules, as I am, and then taken away, placed at another institution; then removed to another State, and finally placed in another asylum; and thus, far removed from the first incarceration through this method, and *even other ways* by a misunderstanding, or criminal proceedings, I could be deprived of personal liberty for years, and even for life; and *through the power granted by the law* receive injuries of a murderous nature, by having imposed upon me *that suffering* which is *directly caused by receiving treatment* for lunatics; and being doomed to *associate with them, in a lunatic asylum.*

The Latin proverb tells us that "the hatred of the nearest relations is the most bitter." Yet frequently I hear the nurses say that friends must call for the patients; that they as strangers presume your own people to be your best friends. Upon hearing this decision I asked two questions, one of which was: Whence did they get the right for presuming this? The second question was: Do you think outsiders should not interfere with family affairs? If so, then the two ideas in combination could result in the personal loss of the liberty of an individual. I also presented, as food for thought, such examples as we find in the Scriptures, and in the histories of all ages, as well as in the tales of Shakespeare; and wound up my expressions against this decision by quoting the Old Testament, which declares "A man's enemies are those of his own household."

Then, too, I have been informed that if I were dismissed from this Institution I would be consigned to another asylum. *If* this threat has been made, and I am in consequence of it detained here, and the authorities are justified in keeping me, then such an intention expressed by an outsider has created of this Insane Asylum, licensed for the sick, a jail, or under the power granted by law used the Asylum as a legal tool for carrying out the threat to put me in durance elsewhere. Or else Madam Pike is by nature the jailor I consider her to be; or she fears to dismiss me, lest I resort to law for protection; and that in the process of law, her cruelties will be exposed.

SECTION SECOND.

Laws concerning the loss of personal liberty, especially of a partially diseased mind, should be of a quieting character, but in talking with and watching the facial expressions of many of the patients, I *found that the mere knowledge that they were to be kept until called for was maddening!* Even the most loving patient grew suspicious and they suffered in proportion as they had mental force, fearing lest a circumstance, rather than an illness, should be the cause for detention. Certainly, from my standpoint of suspicion, it gives an Institution power to intrigue criminally with outsiders. It gives a criminal a chance to carry out a scheme by influencing weaker, or trusting minds. Several times I have been informed that lawyers were those who had assisted, or been instrumental, in having me committed here. Now, I wonder what that means. I wonder whether the lawyer who failed to file the paper which was intrusted to him, and which was for my protection in an estate in which I had a share, had any part in the proceedings? I asked more than one lawyer to

make an investigation of that affair; but before I gained any information I was spirited away. Would there be a motive on his part to place me here? Once or twice I had been told that I was placed here because I had consulted so many lawyers; but I argued that if an inexperienced person, through ill-luck or any other cause, visited a number of lawyers, and each of them refused to take the case, would he or she have the privilege of seeking other lawyers; or must the case be cast aside? Or, if persistency, coupled with inexperience, was the keynote of the client's efforts must he or she be driven to the Mad-House? The questions were never answered. The subject of lawyers was dropped. Madam has also informed me that what income I have is in the keeping of others; that she cannot let me leave because I cannot control the money. I do not understand this, and I told her so; but she refused me further information. So there was nothing further left for me to do but to mention a bank account of forty-five dollars; and begged that my health, ability, education and liberty would not be absorbed in mere cash.

About four months after my arrival I was told that a doctor had signed a certificate to have me brought here. I wonder who he is? I wish there was a law to compel me to be *told what name he bears*. Madam has told me that the physicians who visited me did not sign that certificate; yet after their visit Dr. Salt told me that my case had passed out of his hands into those of the board of lunacy; that now he has not the power to dismiss me from the Institution. If this is true, then a doctor brings or sends you here, but never visits you; and yet the doctor in attendance is powerless to use his own judgment in the case. What then is the doctor here for? Just to watch me get sick, pining for liberty, and then give me medicine? If I were placed under the rigid laws and treatment for the insane, provided the time for my release was set, my sufferings would not be so keen; but when I heard I was to stay until called for, and then was surrounded by secrecy, and silly fault-finding, my sufferings became inexpressible, and cruel beyond imagination; for experience alone can give an insight into the agony of receiving the treatment due a lunatic,

doomed for life to associate with lunatics, in a lunatic asylum. These conditions create and develop "the grief that saps the mind." Ah! well, Madam Pike, Law and my friends, all I can do is pray to regain my liberty.

THE PRAYER.

In the past my intercourse with my fellow-beings was of that nature in which I have never forfeited my self-respect; so I will commit that part of my life to them. But my inner life is another, and a separate, account; therefore I must pray to God with increased fervor to forgive me for the past; to spare me in the present, and over the future of my life, especially such acts as may enable me to regain my liberty, to extend His blessing through His Divine attributes of His mercy. Mother of God, you, who by the Goodness and Love of your Creator and mine, have love for others; you, who by the Power and Will of God have, and know you have, the power to intercede, stand, I pray you, between the Thrones of Justice and Mercy, and plead for me, and the other patients. As I agreed in the past to use religion as my best armor, into the Will of God, I place the conditions under which I am to be given, or to regain my liberty. But since I am not the only sufferer, I beseech Heaven to let the condition be such that will send relief, not only to me, but to others. I also pray to God to grant me, and those around me, His Grace to accept His Divine Will whatever it may be.

CHAPTER XII.

IF you are mentally unbalanced, the Mad-House under a proper nurse, is the best place in the world for the patient, for the chances are that, through the methods used the patient will recover. For as I noticed their efforts to improve, it looked like a class where ambition was instilled to behave with common sense, so as to regain liberty, and be sent home; as in a school where the ambition is quickened to stand at the head of the class, and win prizes. I was truly trying for the prize of endurance, but, it seemed as though that prize was getting out of my reach. As this terrifying thought came to me I also realized that when the cold sweats and the chills, which I have at times felt would weaken me physically; I would not then be able to battle so well for my mental needs. I was about to begin to cry when I heard Madam Pike's voice. She was scolding a patient for eating an apple, and demanded as she addressed her to know where she obtained the apple. As I listened to the scolding I thought of the fine fruit which was always on the dining-table. It was arranged in fruit stands; and not infrequently decorated with dainty leaves and flowers. Month after month the fruit, most of which decayed before our eyes, and would then disappear, and fresh fruit be again supplied. It was noticeable to me that Madam Pike did not find fault with the tiny flies that hovered over the decayed fruit. Having determined to note only my present surroundings, I never mentally finished a few short stories, which were suggested to me, through Madam Pike's management of that fruit. The beginning of one of the stories ran thus: "Was there ever any heart or mind so jailor like, so cruel, that the decay of fruit, the degeneration of anything gave it joy or pleasure? Or that the natural use of inanimate objects, as that of the carpets and chairs in the halls where we were supposed to take exercise; or access to the drinking-water, for the cleansing and *preservation* of the teeth; and even the withholding of our rights to exercise the

muscles of the body, by some employment of them; thus proving her nature was that of a tyrannical jailor.

While I was thus thinking, Dr. Salt entered the Hall. I inquired of him the news of outside world; he remarked that the particular item which interested him most was the treatment a child had received from her stepmother, who, he said, had beat her three or four times a day, for the cruel pleasure of beating. He continued by saying: "I would like you to go to New York, and join me in throwing bouquets at the executioner of the woman." He did not realize that Madam Pike, who stood by his side, actually performed similar cruelties. But Madam Pike must have felt her own guilt; for, when our eyes met, her face grew crimson. A keen observer could easily have noticed the pause which ensued before I recovered my breath, and had time to assure the doctor that I would be delighted to assist him.

I was about to carry out my intention to ask for a dismissal from the Institution, but both he and Madam left the Hall. Finding myself again alone, I began and finished a cry. Within fifteen minutes Madam Pike returned. As several of the patients were having a quiet chat she declared the noise and confusion on the Hall was unbearable. It is not an exaggeration to say that these words were used by her *dozens of times during each day*, which caused me to think that Madam either intended intense cruelty, or else her own hearing was defective, or that she suffered the tortures of self-reproach, and through the quiet of others she hoped to gain relief of conscience. Many times she would order silence, and add to the order: "I know you have been talking about me." At times Madam Pike would declare her fate was terrible, because she had the care of patients who thought they could do as they pleased, and who loved to talk, talk, talk. Within a few minutes after the quiet chat was stopped, I concluded that Madam Pike had left the Hall. Acting on this impression I bathed my face and then carried the water, which was in the basin, to the toilet room. There I encountered Madam Pike, who, by placing her hand on my back, ran me into the corner, commanding me as she did so, to stay there

until she would release me. She then left me; but as she reached the door she turned and stood smiling at me for some seconds. After I had been standing in the corner for about fifteen minutes, the assistant nurse inquired the cause of my being there. When I told her of the circumstances I refrained from mentioning the smiling part of the transaction. This and other ridiculous punishments which were given to me caused me to wonder which I would prefer, whether to be put into a straight-jacket for asking to return to my natural interest in life, or to stand in corners holding basins? The verdict was in favor of the straight-jacket.

When I next saw Dr. Salt, I made another big effort to regain my liberty by telling him that the Head of the House had just told me I could leave the Institution at his word; so I asked him to give it to me. He felt my hand and pulse, and in surprised intonation said: "Why, you are *cold*," emphasizing the word cold. "Your hand is also wet." I again told the doctor I was conscious that I had begun to show serious results of my detention. He inquired: "Do you suffer?" In my answer I went so far as to make the inquiry whether I might not be *set crazy* sooner because of the fact that my parents were first cousins. He did not answer me, but he promised he would attend to my request, and see in *person* the Head of the House. The doctor left the room before I directly answered his question "Do you suffer?" But I could have told him "yes," for my sufferings were such that from experience I found I relieved my feelings, in some slight degree by refraining from looking out of the window. This feeling lasted for two or three weeks. I bore it in silence. I suppose feeling of so strange a character is one that the sick entertain when they conclude they are willing to die because of their helplessness. I have asked many patients to deliver notes to outsiders; but I have had no message from outsiders in return. Mrs. R., who left here four or five weeks after my arrival, was the *one* messenger on whom I *fully* relied because she never had been insane. She either had been unavoidably prevented, or did not fulfil her promise, or the Lawyer and the friends whom she promised to reach, have not

taken any action to see me. I certainly had choice friends. What *is* the matter? Are those whom I loved and respected crediting Madam Pike's account of me, or only giving my fate sympathetic words, and looks expressing the horror of surprise? Appearances suggest one or the other of the last conclusions being possible; but my heart believes in the active friendship of my friends. so I trust the last idea is not true. A few days before I was spirited away, ten dollars was stolen from my hostess. During the time she was interested, in her efforts, to recover it I was brought here. I wonder if that circumstance had any weight in keeping *her* from trying to see me, or sending me a message? I have been informed that my friend with whom I boarded had asked to see me. That was kind of her, but as I know she could see me through law, her not doing so, as well as this ten-dollar affair, has given me extra grief and mortification to bear, and forces me to feel I have no shelter in a *human* heart. But another thought presents itself: Do my friends believe that I have gone crazy if only from the mere fact of my being detained here? Looking around for anything to divert my mind, I drew from the bureau drawer the newspaper sheet which I had laid there. The first article which I read was as follows:

"INSANITY PUT IN NEW LIGHT ABROAD. A German Expert declares that it is infectious. Noted case cited. Vienna, August 12.—The Medicinische Rundschau publishes an article by a lunacy expert, who maintains that insanity is infectious."

The writer cited a number of cases which have come under his notice, and which bears out his contention. One of the most striking of these was a case in which a husband became insane two years after his wife was pronounced a lunatic. There was no insanity in the family, and the doctors could find no other reason for his mental weakness than continual associations with his insane wife.

When his wife was removed to an asylum he recovered; but as often as she was released and returned home, he relapsed into insanity again. This occurred three times. Finally

the wife was sent permanently to an asylum, and since then his recovery has been complete."

The reading of this article made me pray to God for relief.

HEREDITARY LAWS. More than several times while at Mt. Anchor, I grew really vain owing to the pleasant words and smiles which I was able to extend to those whom I met It is not so easy to be pleasant when everything goes dead wrong, nor is it easy to smile when the song of life has gone elsewhere. I am unable to state just how it all came about; but, my grief only mingled with my contented temperament, and a certain happiness never left me. I had not even photographs of my parents. The pen pictures of them showed them in their advanced age. Both were mentally gifted. One was strong and handsome, the other was graceful and sweetly gentle looking. Each in his and her characteristic manner plainly spoke that each had found a delicate happiness, for each had "learned the luxury of doing good." The general atmosphere of their home had attracted, in a quiet way, men of letters and a long list of charming people. My natural tastes sought for higher companionship than my own education, experience and travel afforded to me. So often I have read a few words about hereditary laws, and have wondered if I have not inherited some one strong trait which will assist me in gaining my freedom by stratagem? This question put to myself caused me to recall certain characteristic traits of my *double* blood kin. How proud I was of my father's *forethought* when I learned he had written to Mr. Seward, the Secretary of the United States, and congratulated him for having been at "the Helm of State" when Alaska was purchased. I remember father's courage was in proportion to his forethought. A learned man wrote my aunt's obituary, and he spoke of her as a linguist, and a close student of the world and its peculiar ways. Bancroft, the historian, notes my uncle being able as counselor at law, officer of the army, state-builder, as well as a writer of constitutional law. It was a kinship through both grandmothers, who, while the late Queen Victoria and suite were his guests at Muckross House, had the courage to tell

John Brown — the all-pervading, the autocratic John Brown, of whom even courtiers of high degree stood in awe — that her "Majesty's wishes could not be made known to him through a servant." I find consolation in the knowledge of these family traits, and I mean to try to employ such of them as I inherit as means of recovering my liberty.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN I next saw the Head of the House I made a serious request for her to tell me whether Dr. Salt had kept his word and had given to her my message. She did not answer me. I then told her that I could leave the Institution without the aid of my friends, for my education and health could and would guide me. The Head of the House then asked me: "When did you hear from the gentlemen who escorted you here?" "Not since the winter months," I answered. The Head of the House then told me that I could write to any of my friends; and further I would be allowed to see any one who might come to see me. That last promise, on her part made me realize that I had not been, in the past, permitted to see *any* one. The Head of the House continued speaking to me, and said: "I did not bring you here; but you shall not go into ill-health; you may write to any one whom you choose, to come to see you." Great relief came to me. After a wait of three days, in which I gave several reminders to Madam Pike that I wanted writing materials, she gave them to me; saying as she did so, that the Institution did not furnish the patients with such articles; that when I asked to write I was putting myself in the positon of a beggar, anyway," remarking. "No one writes to you, and I don't see why you desire to write to any one." While I was writing Dr. Salt entered the Hall. I told him of my permissions from the Head of the House, and thanked him for remembering my requests. The mere permission to write letters made me so rejoiced that words, acts, atmosphere, all seemed to have a look denoting homeward bound, and liberty! Of course I could not, under these conditions, be expected to reach even my own standard in sewing, much less the standard of the sewing-room, which was the highest. As an apology for long stitches, I told the anecdote of Alfred the Great, and said I was thinking of my homeward journey as he was the affairs of State. Again I called any defect in my sewing, home stitches. Some one had sent Mrs. H. B. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" to the sewing class. I was in no humor to read the terrors of its contents, so I read very fast. While so reading one of the talkative patients called out: "Slap-slam to all commas and periods — the devil has them all." "Shut up," said another, "them must be home-reading rates." A few days after my last conversation with the Head of the House, my suspicions were aroused through the following occurrence: namely, the door of the Hall was thrown open by the Head of the House, who by her voice and manner gave a question and a reproof to Madam Pike. When assured by Madam Pike that the screaming, which we all heard, was not in our Hall she left us. Madam Pike and I then exchanged stares. Appearnces were now in high favor for me to suppose that Madam Pike's career had been brought before the administrative powers. The next day several of the patients and myself noticed that Madam Pike was quiet, and had apparently resigned her position. She was seen to be packing, and clearing out her household effects. In the afternoon I was rearranging my toilet when my door was forcibly thrown open. Turning I saw Madam Pike. She motioned to me, and gave me a package which contained, with the exception of one stone of my earring, an aqua marine, which jewelry I had worn to the Institution. Asking for the other stone, I was answered in one of her deep tones, "That is just as I received it." As I had given in both stones I concluded she was trying, as a test, to make me call her a thief. Thinking this I merely bowed my consent. She then left my door and returned pieces of jewelry to other patients. Quietly I criticized the act of returning the jewelry, for, if Madam Pike had been justified in depriving us of the use of it, why did she not leave it in care of her successor?

Between the hours of six and eight the arrangements for the evening being completed, the Madams would leave the Hall. Although I was forbidden to walk on the carpet, or to take exercise in the Hall, I actually dared to attempt both. While thus engaged I saw three chairs which had been placed on the outside of as many different doors. On each chair were the day's wearing apparel of the patients. I could not resist

smiling, however sad the sight, knowing as I did this arrangement had to be made to prevent the patients from making their toilets at unseemly hours. Looking through the iron bars of the window, I saw the man, who, with his lantern in hand, spends the night watching. Later, as I prepared to go to bed, my thoughts turned to the memory of the many times that Madam Pike would stand in the centre of my bedroom door and stare, and grin and not infrequently give vent to a loud laugh. After that, she would go to the door of the sitting-room, and throw out her arms, and inquire as she did so: "Who are you all afraid of?" On these occasions not even the most irresponsible patients answered her. On the contrary, they showed fear of her. Once, because my manner plainly told her I was horrified at her act, she raised her hand, gave me a blow over the right eye, ordered me to my room, turned the key, and as she went down the Hall I heard her say: "Now, that is all about it, I will show you who is boss." My thoughts also turned to the day when Madam Pike had said, I showed lack of judgment because she found I had raised my window for a few minutes during a thunder storm, the lifting of the window being something less than an inch. I also recalled during the storm that the atmosphere was stifling. I brought back to memory the manner in which she handled the door key. She would lift it, then apply it to the key-hole; and suddenly dropping it, face the patients with a smile and say: "You think you are going out, now wait until I let you." She would then keep the patients waiting some minutes and again, and again, repeat the action before opening the door. It was noticeable to me, that she did not use the key in this manner when the patients *entered* the Hall. I also recalled that, when Madam Pike was turning the key of my door for the night, she would make use of such terms as the following: "Good night, dearest," or "beloved one," or "essence of sweetness." and twice she added "Ha! ha." These acts, which were so devoid of natural propriety that at first they only afforded me a study, had later terrified and startled me. But now that she was to leave the Institution they, for the second time only afforded me a study. Sometimes Madam

Pike, by placing her arm around the neck of a patient, would gag her and hit her in the eye. Should it happen that one of the physicians or a Madam would suddenly enter the Hall, she would act and speak in such a manner, that the newcomer credited, at once, either that by accident, or a disturbance among the patients, had been the direct cause of the black eye. Seeing this I fully realized that if ever I do make an attempt to describe Madam Pike's character, the listener will say it is the old, old story, when the once insane mind grows better, or recovers, it turns in spite and hatred against the nurse. All I can do is to make the attempt to describe Madam Pike, and then say to my judges: "Let the Lord judge between us." The next morning Madam Pike left the Hall without bidding the patients good-bye. I noticed that ceremony attended the outgoing and incoming presider. Madam Pike, attended by several gentle looking Madams, departed from the main door, while her successor entered the side one which led to the dining-room. The better mentally-balanced patients, frequently, asked me to tell, to the Head of the House, of Madam Pike's cruelties, but as I had learned that Madam Pike is an own sister to the Head of the Institution, and as I was stamped with lunacy, and there was no reasonable hope for giving relief by interference on my part, there was nothing left for me to do, but to suffer with others, and for myself.

We patients under the care of Madam Pike had been victims of a vindictive, cruel, heartless shrew, who, in order to carry out her inclinations, stooped to any deceptive schemes. Thus her supposed nursing and sympathy existed only to be paraded before others; like a gold uniform, which is taken off, after having been worn for a passing hour.

The conditions mentioned were the exceptions; but such an exception could not have surrounded the helpless sick for so long a period as fourteen years, had the law-makers extended the necessary Laws to the management of the Mad-House.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL things were so changed that it was like another world. Rejoicing was general. Everybody was employed, therefore happier. And was urged to take a glass of water. The same amount and kinds of fruits were placed in the fruit-stands which were on the table, as were there under Madam Pike's management. We were told that it belonged to a certain patient; and, if, after a given time, the owner had not consumed it, the Madam made a kind of distribution of it, to the more delicate patients . Everybody, *in moderation,* was permitted to sing, play, dance and whistle. The Head of the Hall instituted a chorus, and even joined in it. The art of nursing ruled the nurse, and the nurse ruled the patients.

Since I was not told when I was to leave the Institution I asked questions concerning my dismissal. Instead of receiving a direct answer, to my surprise, the Madam requested me to write a list for my winter clothing. I positively declined to do so. The nurse then told me that my stay at the Institution *was under strict compliance with the letter and spirit of the law;* that she thought I had to remain there all the winter, and even longer. In a very mild but decided manner I told her that the *law of the country granted liberty,* and that I did not know *of any just cause for me to lose my rights in this respect.* I asked then: "Can you give me cause?" She answered: "I have nothing to do with you." As the three letters I had written to as many friends had not been answered, I begged to be permitted to write again. This time I directed my note to a law-student and asked him to visit me. In my judgment the *length of time I had been detained, seemed to me* to be a strong reason for him and my other friends to believe me insane; so my object now was to see some one. In addressing this young man I thought he might be curious, and perhaps kind enough to pay me the requested visit. The Head of the Hall afterward told me she destroyed this letter. I then inquired whether the others which I had written by permission

of the Head of the House had been sent to their destinations, or were among the ones destroyed by the same set of people as the others. I was told that the letters to which I referred had been posted by Madam Pike. That no one was to blame because my friends had not answered them.

The cold, sweaty sensations again returned to me. I mingled with the nurses and did what I could to help the patients, and to divert my own mind. A checker-board was loaned to me. Without a comment I secured stiff paper. By making it round at the top I had a representation of kings. By making it square at the top I had men. Soon the attention of four or five of the patients was engaged. We had many a game before Madam gave us the checkers. As for cards I played with any one to whom it afforded a pleasure for the passing moment. At one of the games it fell to the lot of a young married woman to draw the old maid. She became white with rage, and told us that she had been married; that her husband loved her, and that he was alive. These words started another, who said she too had been married, but as her license and she were locked up in different houses she was, in consequence, divorced. While at the game the Head Nurse mentioned to me that a patient had given her the note which I had intended for an outsider; and that she in turn had given it to the Head of the House. I answered saying: "Then Madam, you both know what I think," and here I gave a mental reading of the note, which was as follows: "To His Honor the Mayor of Blank. I cannot credit that you will believe me. I am well, and I am detained at Mt. Anchor. Please come, or send some one to investigate my case. I am a taxpayer of your city." The other day the head of the sewing class requested that each patient present would write a piece of poetry. Several of the patients presented nice efforts. I am not in the habit of writing doggerel, but I wrote several verses The first ran thus:

Although I am not even a crumb of a poet,
If I am, I am sure I do not know it.
I have been asked to give a rhyme
And send it in the nick of time.

But it seems silly to ask me to rhyme
When I am kept here as though out of my mind
And not supposed to have sufficient reason
To leave this house just at this season.

The above is given with blushes, but the doggerel is noted to show what desperation came over me. Had I heard my doggerel condemned, I would not have been surprised; and it certainly would have been just to me, and to the judgment of the nurse and the doctor, had I been told to keep poetically quiet. A Candidate entered the sewing-room, and brought the word that I had a visitor. As I came through the corridors I noticed that the door of the Hall was standing wide open, and that six or eight gentlemen were inspecting the Hall. To my great surprise I saw Dr. X., and to my greater surprise I saw that he was standing at my door apparently waiting my arrival. My joy at seeing some one with whom I had an acquaintance, and who knew my friends as well, was indeed great. I made him acquainted with such facts as I knew, and asked him to assist me to regain my freedom. He introduced me to several gentlemen, and told me they were members of the Grand Jury. Having received this information I made a second appeal for assistance. A few kind words from each of them, and an impressive good-bye, made me hope I would soon be free. For about a week after their departure I waited in blissful silence. After that time my intense suffering was renewed. The realization again came to me that I must pray; for while this whole transaction of my detention *seems according to law*, nevertheless over all stands the Eternal One, who cares for the "poor, and for him that hath no helper."

THANKSGIVING DAY. This day one year ago I was invited by the Madams to take part in a threatrical performance; but this year the invitation has not been renewed. In the morning of this feast I attended Divine Services. Three attempts, and as many failures, were made by me to make my escape by leaving when the congregation dispersed. After breakfast I requested, and was promised, to be allowed to join the other patients, in their day's outing. I was driven to such

desperation I had determined to make any mad rush to regain my liberty. I carefully dusted and arranged my room to leave it, as I hoped, forever. I had scarcely finished this act, when I was told to go to the sewing-class. When I arrived the Madam in charge asked me to read aloud a prayer which was written in commemoration of this particular day, and was in honor of the Mother of God, asking her, as she adored God, to pray that He would, in a special manner, answer our respective petitions. Having read the prayer I added out loud another prayer which I believe I repeated with my whole soul and mind. It was as follows: "Oh God, deliver me from the judgment of men, and grant to me Thy mercy." Several in the room laughed, and I laughed with them, but my heart was quaking with terror. Just then a Candidate entered the room and announced that she had been told to escort me to the Hall, where I was to join the other patients to go out. I said I hope "*go out*" means to leave the Institution. Again a few present laughed, and as the funmaking continued, I made my exit from the apartment, and soon entered my room. Before going to the sewing room I had fastened my gloves and my veil to my coat and loosened the flowers in my hat. Realizing that the patches on my shoes could be the means to identify me, I had asked one of the patients to trust me for a pair. As she did so, my preparations were now complete. I stood in among the patients ready to go out. The very knowledge that the door would be unlocked, that I would again be in the open air thrilled me. However, I took my stand in a listless, indifferent sort of manner, near the doorway, and although the minute or two lost before the turning of the key was exasperating, yet I remained quiet. As all of the twenty or more patients were assembled, Madam Assistant turned the key in the door, and told the Candidate to walk in advance of the patients. Turning to me she inquired if I would, as usual, be attentive to the blind girl. While in my manner I consented to do so, I took excellent care to see that the requested and necessary attention to the patient, should come through another. So I created an interest in her with another patient. All was apparently in readiness to start, when it was discovered

that several of the patients had listlessly stayed down the Hall. This compelled the nurse to go for them, and caused me to renew my determination to make even a mad rush. For a moment I paused; doing so to take in more thoroughly the conditions which were likely to surround my attempt to escape. I made a quick calculation that three minutes might be lost before Madam's return. The patients would, as usual, go slowly down the three flights of the stairway. This would allow me at least four minutes longer time. If Madam walked slowly to the grove, which she generally did, that would allow me three or four more minutes. If my absence was then noted she would look about in the different pavilions of the grove; then she would be compelled to return to the house, to see if by any mistake I had stayed, or been left behind. Being a holiday, the larger number of men employed would be absent. As regards the policeman who was generally about, I could either speak with or ignore him. There would then, on the part of the nurse, be a few minutes lost in advising the Head of the Institution of my disappearance. These conditions caused my mind and heart to return to prayer; and perhaps I heard, or I did not, but, I listened and I thought I heard the words, "Go, start, for Mercy's hand hath turned the key, and Mercy's voice hath said, Rejoice, thy soul is free." I left the hall in company with the patients, but left them at a curve in the building, and made quiet speed. Arriving at another curve I removed a grenadine dress skirt, which has a purple satin stripe, and which I wore for the purpose of disguise, as well as to serve me as a package which I rolled up in paper, which had been brought for the purpose, and left me disguised in a dark blue serge dress. At the same time, I dragged from my hat the red flowers, and tied on my white mull veil. I donned my gloves and said the prayer: "Oh, thou who hast made me, have mercy upon me." By that time I had reached the front door, so I stooped, apparently to brush dust from my dress, but really to hide my face, and in the event of being seen by anyone to allay any suspicions which would be aroused, or prevent any investigation as to who I was. A lady with a package and satchel had just left the Institution. I ventured

to join her. We spoke of the car time. I learned from her there was fully twelve minutes to wait for the train. She asked me if I often visited the Institution. I answered that I never came but once. She inquired if I had asked the portress the time. My reply was that I had not. She volunteered that the distance to the electric car is a full mile. Failing to induce her to walk with me to the car, and fearing as I did, to remain at the station of the Institution, we two parted. Notwithstanding my belief in prayer, calculations, disguise and my progress, I was not relieved from anxiety, and all I had ever learned about prisoners escaping came back to me. I applied what knowledge I had with the following results: Without looking to the right, or to the left, I walked fearlessly in the middle of the road. My next intention, and hope were to post two letters which I had previously written. I did so. Their contents ran thus: "Dear Friend:—I have escaped thus far, and am bound for your home. In case I do not arrive, you will realize that I am captured, and will be forced to return to Mt. Anchor. Send or take the enclosed note to the Mayor of Blank. You will see that it is an appeal for him to send some one to see me; the last, of course, if you refuse to befriend me." As I advanced down the road I noticed a one-horse phæton; its sole occupant was a lady. I feigned a limp, begged her for information as to the distance to the electric cars. She at once considered the situation and asked if she could not drive me to the cars. I accepted her offer, and thanked her for the invitation. A glance around the fields, and up the road gave me the information that no solitary horseman or fast running captors were in sight of me. However, to get seated in the phæton before my pursuers might see me, became an object. The horse danced and showed a propensity to move on. Being accustomed to horses, I leaped over the wheel, and drew the carriage rug about me. The lady looked and expressed her astonishment. "Ah!" I thought, "if you were flying from the direct or indirect authority of the Mad-House you too would be quick." When we reached a pleasure Park, which is about two miles from the Mad-House, I gave an unnecessarily friendly good-bye to my new acquaintance. My

idea was to impress upon any looker on who might be questioned later, that I was taking leave of a friend rather than a mere stranger who had befriended me on the road. While sitting in the electric cars, waiting for the start, the thought came to me that the men whom I believed, in fact knew, had been sent to bring me back would naturally take a survey of the passengers of the first three or four cars. So I left the car and ventured to hunt for the maid at The Park. Having found her I managed to lose fully an hour in her company. From her I learned that the office had a private telephone. I at once went to the man in charge, who kindly permitted me to use it. The message I sent over the telephone ran thus: "Who is there?" "Miss L.," came the answer. "Mary," I replied, "do you know my voice?" In great excitement she answered: "Of course I do. Where are you?" I then told her I had sprained my ankle four years since (which was true), and I now needed her arm to help me to the city. This information seemed to give her an idea of the situation. Just then the men left the office, so I telephoned to her the condition of affairs and begged for an entire new outfit. Judging and fearing, as I did, that the nurses had, by that time, discovered I had two dress skirts to use as disguises, and could therefore give a description of each. Mary answered: "My sister and I are coming for you, and will meet you in an hour. We are all rejoiced; and will bring necessary outfit as requested. Now," she continued, "trust us. In the meantime be sure to be very *quiet*." Within the next ten minutes those in charge of the office returned. I at once aroused interest for my ankle. The man in charge placed a box in front of me to be used as a footrest. As he took leave of me he cautioned me to be quiet. Within the next hour Mary and her sister Genevieve arrived. As they entered the office I whispered: "My God! I thank you." "Be quiet," interrupted Mary. "Did you suffer?" inquired Genevieve. "Let her tell it all later, but hush now," commanded Mary; "change your skirt, coat and hat, and be quick." While I made the change Genevieve announced that some one had told her, before she left home, that she and Mary would be arrested and that I

could be taken back to the Mad-House. Mary answered by declaring she would spend the night in jail to help a friend. Here we all three laughed. "Could you sleep?" inquired Mary. But before I had time to tell her that I was only wakeful the first night after my arrival she asked me to take her arm and to keep up the sprained ankle effect. Each of them showed great strain of anxiety and worry. With me it was different. After I had been my own mistress one hour, I had experienced wonderful relief. The trip for my two friends filled them with sensations of alarm. For me, as contrasted with my former sufferings, the situation was one of exquisite happiness. And as I advanced in my journey, the people, and buildings, and all of nature became one big sunbeam that filled me with joy and gratitude, and lulled, at least for a while, my anxiety to rest.

CHAPTER XV.

THROUGH my friends I learned that the lawyer with whom I had been on friendly terms, and who had boarded at the same place I did for several years, had within a few days after my sudden disappearance, presented a petition to the Court, asking that he should be permitted to see me. The petition was signed by two physicians whom I had known and frequently saw before I was spirited away. The Court refused to favor this petition. Other petitions followed, with the same results. Within a few weeks after this lawyer had volunteered to give me his services, my friend Mrs. R., whom I met at the Mad-House, had addressed him by note, telling him that in her opinion I was sane. I also learned that my friends who had seen me immediately before my incarceration, had called but were denied an interview with me. Other friends called, and asked to be taken through the Institution, hoping that through luck or by some spirit of stratagem, they would be able to see me. The privilege, to a certain extent, was granted them; but they were not brought to the Hall where I was. I was also told that they had written to me, and had sent me the daily papers. My friend from Ireland had forwarded a letter, containing a money order, which through some fatality had gone to the house where I had boarded. My friend showed her loyalty to our frendship, by returning the letter to her, and sending news of me. My lawyer was assisted, in a friendly spirit, by several other lawyers I had known professionally and socially. The two physicians, members of the board of lunacy, who had conversed with me at Mt. Anchor, did so at the request of my friends. The letters that I had written by the consent of the authorities of the Mad-House, and which had been given to Madam Pike to post, had not been received. I have also been told that there is a law which permits patients who are confined in a Mad-House to write under seal *once a month*, to some one friend whom he or she may select. Although this law exists, and notwithstanding my repeated demands to be told of any law

that there was to protect me while in the Institution, Madam Pike not only refused to tell me of this law, but refused to allow me the right to receive its benefits.

I have been told that one of the Grand Jurors, while visiting Mt. Anchor in his official capacity, sent me his name, and asked if I desired to see him. Through Madam Pike, his people tell me, he was told in answer to his question, that I did not care to see him then, or ever again in my life. Another member of the Grand Jury has said that while acting in his official capacity he had asked to see me, but through Madam Pike he had been denied his privilege. From the information derived from the above mentioned statements I have learned that my delineation of Madam Pike's character was fairly if not entirely accurate; and that the members of the Grand Jury depend upon what is told to them regarding the patients, without making a *personal* investigation. The result of this want of personal investigation in my case not only deprived me of *my liberty*, but left me in solitary confinement. When I told my friends that Dr. X. and a few other members of the Grand Jury had seen me a few weeks previous to my escape they asked me to tell them whether the doctor had demanded to see me. The best answer I was able to give was that several of the patients had told me they overheard the doctor demanding three times to see me. But that is all I *know* about the visit from Dr. X., except that my friends said they had requested Dr. X. to see me.

While sitting with these friends was a pleasure, it was only natural that I desired to see my friend with whom I had boarded before I was spirited away, and also my lawyer. Having expressed this wish, a friend accompanied me to her house. She was at home, and with a look of surprised delight threw her arms around me, and said: "You are free! you are free!" and burst into tears. Within another few moments my lawyer entered the room, and, for a few minutes all were rejoicing. My lawyer informed me he had taken a younger lawyer to assist him in the case, to obtain my release from the Mad-House; which would involve a trial held before the Court within the next few weeks. But as I had made my escape it

was best to avoid any possibility of my being taken back to the Mad-House; that the influence asserting my insanity was, and is still too strong for me to feel assured of my safety, since those who had taken me to the Mad-House had the legal right to take me there, or elsewhere, again. Therefore, he advised me to leave the house, and board among strangers; to order my meals to be brought to my room, and while there not even to look out of the window; and he particularly requested me to be perfectly quiet. As he said the words "*perfectly quiet*" it seemed to me a climax; for the use of the command which had become the keynote of my incarceration. After I was settled in my new home, my lawyer sent me word to write to him all possible information of myself. He also sent me word that my commitment to the Mad-House had been under the power of the law. That twelve jurors had adjudged me insane on the testimony of others, as well as upon the evidence of a few letters, which had been written by me, and which had been read by them. Also that two physicians had signed a certificate that I was of unsound mind; a lunatic. Further, that the law, in combination with these conditions, had signed away my property rights, as well as my personal liberty. When I heard that the reading of a few letters had formed part of the proceedings which condemned me, I wrote to my friend who lives in Ireland, and asked her to return to me the last three or four letters which I had written to her. She returned to me the letters for which I had asked; and I have used them in this book which gives the account of my incarceration. My lawyer also sent me word that he would have several more physicians, and friends, to visit me, who later would appear as my witnesses. Within a short time my lawyer's efforts to gain further information, other than he had learned from me, developed statements and facts as follows:

"Not unlike a romance reads the life of Miss Star during the last fourteen months. She knew nothing of the proceedings which adjudged her a lunatic, until after her escape. Her friends declare that her faculties and her mind are clear and lucid on all subjects. They believe she has been victimized without cause; and so far, without hearing. Her lawyers

claim that they were never permitted to see her when they went to Mt. Anchor for that purpose. While they do not claim that she was treated unkindly at the Institution, they say it was a great injustice and indignity to confine a woman, of her mental calibre, in such a place. The Management of Mt. Anchor refused to make any statement whatever in regard to Miss Star's confinement and her escape. The chief physician of Mt. Anchor stated that the authorities of the Mad-House had not, and, as far as he knew, would not, take any measures to have Miss Star returned to the Institution.

The doctor said that for some time he had been considering the advisability of allowing me to leave. And when they learned that I had made my escape, they took no means to have me taken back. We at once got into communication with those who had taken me to the Institution, and informed them of what had happened. "I understand," the doctor continued, "that the *Lunacy Law* has been blamed for Miss Star's confinement in Mt. Anchor. Let me say, right here, that the Lunacy Law is all right, and that she was not committed according to it. She was sent to Mt. Anchor by *jury of twelve peers*, summoned after her mental condition has been certified by two physicians, who had judged her non compos mentis. She was sent," Dr. Salt continued, "to the Institution according to the *fundamental laws of the State*." The two gentlemen who accompanied me in my carriage ride to the Institution said it was a great mistake for my friends to assist me from the Institution where the treatment was beneficial to me both physically and mentally, for, in their opinion, I was insane. For, in these days, persons of *undoubted* insanity are not allowed to be confined in an Institution of the reputation of Mt. Anchor, for a period of fifteen months, without good cause.

CHAPTER XVI.

Many Men, Many Minds.—*From the Latin.*

THE TRIAL.

MY lawyers and friends filed a petition asking for my absolute liberty.

THE many who had placed me in the Mad-House maintained their position by filing an answer, and asking that my property rights be reserved, and their acts justified.

THE more important facts of the trial were as follows: The lady, whose house I left on the day of my capture, had been an instrument in the hands of fate. Having, through her complaints of the loss of the ten dollars, unwillingly aided those who had already, as they said, deemed me insane. The first witness who testified to my sanity was the law-student to whom I had written while at the Mad-House. He is a brother of my lawyer to whom Mrs. R. of R. had written after she took her leave from Mount Anchor. A lawyer who had boarded for two years in the same house where I resided, testified to my sanity; he informed the court that he had on several occasions played cards with me, and had noticed that I was attentive to gaining points in the game, and had displayed a certain suspicion which in his opinion showed the sort of judgment necessary or essential in the management of property or business affairs. He also, incidentally, mentioned that he had heard me perform on the piano. This remark, from him, caused the Court to inquire about my musical ability. The lawyer was somewhat taken by surprise, but he rose to the situation, and said: "The lady in question plays better than I do." As, by his manner and voice, he invited a laugh there was a moment's relief to the suspense of the occasion. A large number of witnesses, including several lawyers who knew me, testified in favor of my sanity. The testimony of the physician, a specialist of throat, chest and nose, whom I frequently saw socially, said that in his opinion I was perfectly sane. The other physician, a general practitioner, whom I knew socially, and had seen the day before I was incarcerated, pronounced me strong-minded.

The star witness was a noted expert on mental diseases.

In laying a foundation for his testimony he said, he had studied medicine for twenty years, making a specialty of nervous diseases. His studies had been pursued at New York, and also in the University of Vermont, at Göttigen, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. "Miss Star," the doctor continued, "has been under my observation for the last few weeks, and I have made a thorough study of her case. Six times I have talked with her an hour, or an hour and a half, at a time; and, in these conversations, I tried to develop, what has been told to me were Miss Star's pet hobbies. The hobbies failed to develop; and she talked of the subjects only so far as she was drawn out by me. I found her to be of a neurotic temperament; but that is a trait of the American woman, especially the American woman who is high strung, sensitive and intelligent. In fact, the whole American nation, in my opinion, is made up of neurotics. This does not mean, however, that Americans are subjects for mad-houses, but that they are active, alert and energetic, not likely to sit down and wait, but to push on toward the goal of their ambition. Mild hysteria," the doctor continued, "is another characteristic of Miss Star. Hers is not the hysteria that gets up and howls, and raises ructions generally. That is what I call violent hysteria. Mild hysteria," the doctor continued, "is an indication that a woman is active, energetic and ambitious, one likely to follow ideals, or purposes to the end." "Does this mild hysteria," asked the lawyer who represented Miss Star, "lead to insanity?" "Never" answered the doctor, emphatically, "it has nothing to do with insanity. Insanity is a disease of the brain. I found Miss Star mentally far superior to the average woman. But the average American woman is hysterical." The expert doctor then went into an illustration of the neurotic, as contrasted with the phlegmatic temperament. The cart horse is phlegmatic. It pays no attention to anything, but plods along with its load. On the other hand, the high-bred race horse is

quick, alert, nervous, likely to shy and to start. Both have normal brains, but different temperaments. Miss Star's mental condition is normal. Her physical condition is good; it has improved decidedly since her escape from Mt. Anchor. For a person of her temperament, confinement in a lunatic asylum could not fail to be irritating and depressing. In fact, her stay at the Mad-House was enough to make her insane, in time.

One of the physicians who signed my certificate had been summoned to court by those who placed me at the Institution; he did not testify, however. I testified that I did not know him; in my whole life I had spoken to him only a few minutes, about appraising property. The other physician, who signed my certificate, acknowledged in the presence of the Court, that he had not spoken to me for more than two years; but he had seen me once, on the street, during that interval; and that he had been told that I was insane.

The Board of Lunacy which had visited me at the Institution, was summoned and testified to my being of unsound mind. Dr. Salt, the chief physician at Mt. Anchor, testified that I was, and am, of insane mind, owing to the fact of "instability of judgment;" and that, while he thought it would be well to let me out of the asylum, he thought it would be wise to have me under proper restrictions. Dr. Salt's statement was analyzed by the noted expert, who declared that if such were the case, Mad-Houses would have to be built instead of hotels; further, the expert continued, "instability of judgment" had nothing to do with the disease of the mind. The lawyer who conducted my case said that "a wise man changed his mind, a fool, never." A physician was summoned and testified that he thought my mind was not sound because he had trouble getting my signature to rent my personal effects. He added that he knew of a case where a certain person wished me to release her from a property lease; and, although this person had secured a party who was willing for a transfer of the lease, I would not consent to the transaction for fully three months; although, in his opinion, he said, the other lease was the better of the two. I was not called upon to reply to the

doctor, but I recalled several facts; namely, that the property was to be leased at a cheaper rate under the transfer. The other conditions so favorably regarded by the doctor were not altogether to my liking. Regarding the doctor renting my personal effects, I was for some weeks in doubt of the disposition I wanted to make of them. The testimony of these physicians, lawyers and other witnesses, especially that of the noted expert, had attracted a large audience. It happened that just as the last named physician was winding up his testimony several of those present chatted to such an extent that the Court-crier exercised his authority and demanded in a loud voice, "Silence in court." I was standing in a position to see everyone. In consequence of this I saw that one of those chatting was Dr. Salt, and the other no less a personage than one of the Board of Lunacy. This instance gave me a feeling of entrancing satisfaction and of an exquisite revenge. For that everlasting phrase "be quiet" which had so often been hurled at me.

The lawyer, who had escorted me in my carriage ride, acknowledged that he did not know me very well, but he thought, and had been told, I was insane; that he had acted from motives of pure sympathy for me.

The fact was, however, that he and his companion, who had accompanied me to the Mad-House, had been influenced by others. They left me in the care of a respectable Institution; and, since the law permitted the Court to sign away my personal liberty, and my property rights, without giving me an opportunity to speak for myself in the proceedings which condemned me as a lunatic; or to question the ability and motives of those who deemed me insane; or without making the Institution partly or wholly responsible for undue loss of personal liberty, as well as any infringement of my property rights; or because the law did not require the physicians who are in attendance at the Mad-House to be partly or wholly responsible for my stay there, my fate might have been much worse. Again, because the law permitted me to be bodily delivered into the power of another, without notification given to the public, or without setting the time for my

capture; without demanding of the Institution to send, or giving legal notice, of the hour of my arrival; or by not sending an officer of the law to protect me from the time of capture to my arrival at the Mad-House my fate might have been different and unspeakable.

The letters whch I had writen surreptitiously, and which had been intercepted by Madam Pike and her successor, were submitted to, and read by, the Court. When those which were written on pieces of muslin were seen in court, it caused a ripple of amusement. The latter were those which I had sewed in the hem of a patient's underskirt; and of which Madam Pike had said, if I intended to sue the Institution she meant to bring them to Court. The lawyer who had defended a citizen, whom I legally attacked, said he thought there was some mental disorder. I was so persistent, he said, that though he had advised me, again and again, to give up the case, I would not take his advice. The lawyer who had failed to file the paper, concerning an estate in which I had an interest, had been strongly instrumental in my commitment; although I had not seen him, or spoken with him, for five successive minutes in the last three years. At the last interview he was present when I signed a property lease. Another lawyer testified that I was perfectly rational, except in my legal affairs which I had instituted against a certain citizen, as he said I had raised my expectation of what was due me, in that case, to various large sums of money. As his facial expression gave evidence of his truth, I realized that I had wearied him by talking of the case, and that he had misunderstood my talking of numbers of pamphlets, instead of money. He was the Court Examiner. My visits to his office were in reference to papers filed in that case. Among those persons seen in court were my friend who had sent me the Christmas card; another lawyer, the husband of the friend who sent me the box of fine candy; and the policeman who assisted in putting me in the carriage the day I was taken to the Institution. When I was called to the witness-stand I took the oath. I told the Court, and those present, that the legal proceedings which I had instituted against a citizen had by my request, been dismissed four months before my commitment: I having done so through the advice of a leading lawyer, whose name I gave to the court. That I borrowed a small sum of money from a friend of my father's and had yearly, in secret, been allowed an income from a friend who lives in Ireland. I had not, I said, spent one dollar of my inheritance in these law matters. That I lacked experience in money matters. I wound up my testimony by saying that I forgave all persons connected with my incarceration, and I asked the Court for my liberty. There were other witnesses summoned, but the Court brought the case to a close.

THE DECISION OF THE COURT.

ACCORDING TO PINDAR, LAW IS KING OVER ALL.

The only question before me, said the Court, is Miss Star's present mental condition. Her condition previous to her commitment to Mt. Anchor, and during her incarceration, in September last, has nothing to do with her present case, except in so far as it throws light on her present condition. I consider the lady at present sane and capable of managing her own affairs. I will therefore sign a decree accordingly, etc.

Through this decree I became financially responsible for the cost of the proceedings.

My friends, I promised to tell you of my "durance vile."

IT IS DONE.

EDITORIALS CONCERNING A LUNACY CASE WHICH WAS TRIED IN OPEN COURT.

THE CASE OF MISS STAR.

In the remarkable case of Miss Star, whom the courts released from an insane asylum, the most startling fact was the testimony of the doctor who had signed the certificate as to her insanity, the paper on which she was committed. He

admitted on the witness stand that he had not seen Miss Star for two years, during which time she was detained in the institution, a woman who, according to the courts, is of sound mind, personally capable of managing her own affairs.

There is in life nothing more horrible than the detention of a sane person in an asylum for those of deranged minds. The fact has been portrayed by some of the greatest novelists and set forth in the lives of victims of greed and misdirected professional zeal. The very thought of it carries terror to any understanding, and the pity of it all is that there is no recompense for the lost years, no compensation for the acute mental suffering, nothing but the joy of escape when escape is made.

There would seem to be something wrong in a scheme which allows a physiican to send patients to an asylum on a mere certificate and then to forget all about their existence.

THE STATE LUNACY LAWS.

The lunacy laws, as they now stand, are not all that could be desired. They do, to be sure, require that two physicians shall examine the suspect and pronounce upon his sanity.

This would be all very well if the doctors were infallible, but expert testimony is notoriously unreliable. There are some sanity experts who are perfectly certain every one is insane who has committed a murder, arguing, apparently, that no normal man would take the life of another. This may be true enough; at all events it is a theory that has made the defense of insanity a popular one among criminal lawyers.

Equally when certain physicians are called in by a family, to pronounce upon the reason of one of its members they, apparently, argue that the person must be crazy or his relatives would not seek to confine him, and after a conversation of five minutes with the excited object of his relatives' solicitude, they sign the necessary certificate and go home to dinner.

The jury of twelve men tried and true which is called upon to declare the person insane never sees him, but is content to take the testimony of those most interested and the signatures of the two physicians as conclusive, and then it goes home to its dinner also.

It's all very simple and nice for every one except the patient, and he seems to be the one least considered.

Sometimes the good doctors have been wrong concerning the lack of reason of the persons they examined, as witness the case of one Klein who lately kicked his mother-in-law to death, was adjudged insane and sent to an asylum. He, however, recovered his mind with unusual quickness, and after escaping from durance vile is now living, free as the air, in Virginia.

There can be no doubt that there are people who are so far from normal that they should have a sort of a guardian to look after their properties, but these people should not be surrounded by maniacs, and particularly they should not be confined in places where they are not permitted either to see or to hold communication with the persons who are most interested in their welfare — and these, by the by, are not always the ones who have had them committed or who are appointed their committee.

The law says that patients in insane asylums must be given writing materials and permitted to communicate under seal once a month with a friend, but the law is more honored in the breach than in the observance in certain institutions. And if the unfortunate patient, when he gets a chance, tells that this privilege has been denied him all his hearers put their hands significantly to their heads and murmur "Poor thing, poor thing."

CHAPTER XVII.

AN APPEAL FOR THE PATIENTS AT THE MAD-HOUSE, AND TO OUR LAWMAKERS.

ON the day of my escape from Mt. Anchor some of my friends shed tears to express their joy as well as their sorrow; but while my heart shed tears of grief my eyes did not weep; on the contrary, I went to the piano and played a selection from "The Runaway Girl," and succeeded in cheering those around me. Again, since my freedom has been achieved, it has been my effort to be grateful to those whose nobility of character was shown to me by their faithfully standing by me in my trials. Especially, am I indebted, to the Press, to the heroic generosity of my lawyers; to the courageous physicians, and to the noted mental expert. As I had carefully guarded myself from giving information of Madam Pike's character, I was in a position to continue my work as a detective. And with this determination in view I asked two questions, as follows: of the lady, who was appointed to visit me, and in whose opinion I was insane, I asked why she did not see me more frequently? She answered me saying: "At first I thought it best myself not to do so, but after a few months had passed," she continued, "Madam Pike advised me not to see you, and I relied upon her judgment." When I inquired of the gentlemen who captured me why they did not write to me more frequently, I was told by them that their letters to me, and such newspapers as were sent to me, were returned by the authorities of the Institution.

The patient, who trusted me for the shoes in which I made my escape, had, by this time, left the Asylum, so I paid her in person for them. From her I learned that when the nurses discovered that I was gone all of the patients were taken into the house; and that some of the patients were delighted at my having made my escape. From her I also learned that five or six men had been sent to capture me. I have asked the friend of the elderly patient, Miss J., to take her from among the

insane. The Committee of the patient, with whom I played croquet and who gave me a description of Madam Pike's character, has told me that the authorities of the Asylum had requested him some months ago to take her home, "and," he continued, "I really mean to do so in the near future." In the meantime another poor soul was suffering the loss of *liberty*, because of indifference or cruel neglect, *on the part of an individual*: which the *existing Lunacy Laws* seem to consider of *greater force than those* securing the liberty of the individual as provided by the Constitution of this country. In other words, when the Lnuacy Laws of the States of our Union were made, it appears that the blindfolded Goddess Justice, either did not find her way to the Legislative halls, or that she was driven back by the effects of Pandora's confusion, or overpowered by the inertness of the members of the Legislature. At any rate, to me, as I stood behind the bars of Mt. Anchor, I saw, in imagination, the figure of the Divinity, clamoring to enter; but man's laws debarred her from so doing, and she stood outside.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

AN APPEAL FOR THE PATIENTS AT THE MAD-HOUSE.

"The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws."

My own experiences while detained at Mt. Anchor have shown me the necessity for an appeal to be made by someone, in behalf of those patients who have afflicted minds, and who are mentally able to pine for liberty, and ask for favors. Remember they are deprived of liberty, thrown with others who are mentally sick or weak; their anxiety being thus tinged with sadness, and they are partially conscious of their dangerous condition. Visit them, listen to their side of their own needs and thus keep up their spirits, self-respect and pride. You, their friends, should not increase their danger; rather, in your intercourse with them, let a God-like forbearance guide you.

I learned, that at any time, visitors to the patients were denied an interview with those whom they called upon. The ordeal imposed upon me, and my constant watching of events, suggested to me the asking of a few questions. Why does a relative, a Committee, allow any individual or an Institution to decide whether the patient shall or shall not be seen? Because the patient is sick, is that a reason for all your own judgment to be *ignored?* Relatives, Committees and physicians do not, of necessity, have any real knowledge of the individual characteristics of the nurses. The nurse is human; he or she may be possessed of attributes which would be injurious to a weak or disordered brain. Will you deprive your own kindred of the power to complain? Will you debar them from having the relief one finds in a visit of a friend, and by so doing, give to others all the advantage of the case? Rules for the sick are necessary, but even an excellent rule can be abused. Cannot you be reasonable in accepting the rules of the Institution. and the direct wishes of a physician, without yielding all your own power of judgment?

WHY DO OUR LAW-MAKERS PERMIT THE USE OF STRAIGHT-JACKETS? — The constriction produced by the use of one interferes with the actions of the physical organs, and so becomes injurious not only to the body, but likewise produces an additional strain upon the mental faculties. Therefore, the resort to such methods of treatment should be judiciously employed; or better still never be resorted to on such patients as those for whom I make an appeal. The patient who has grown anxious to leave the Institution displays that anxiety, either by depression, or by hysterics; and, in consequence, is overtaxed by having his or her anxiety increased. Such a strain also is dangerous to the mind, and especially to a mind that has already been sick. Is it not criminal to overtax such a mind when the very conditions appear for assistance, in the hope of permanent recovery?

After fourteen months of uninterrupted investigation, I feel justified in asserting that the patients are more truthful than untruthful. Those patients with whom I was thrown

urged each other to tell the truth, saying as they did, that a lie from their lips might suggest to the nurse, and the doctors, that they had false impressions as to their mental disorders. I heard the patients tell part of the truth about Madam Pike's cruelties; and I witnessed that these reports were not believed; and I also saw the fright the patients suffered, fearing, as they did, that their courage in complaining might be the cause for their being longer detained.

Visit the patients, see and talk with them. I observed the *quieting effects* which *sensible* treatment inspired in them. It produced self-respect, raised their hopes for dismissal, imparted a feeling of responsibility, and brought about greater efforts to regain, and maintain, mental strength and renewed hopes of recovery: the result being greater determination to get well. I saw decided depression from constantly being spoken to as children. More than one patient confided to me that being treated in this manner, and *her presence ignored,* caused her to fear she would never get well. Not a few said to me: "We are called upon to act as though we were mentally stronger than outsiders: the treatment is so severe." With the severe treatment comes the fact that they have not many diversions, nor intercourse with healthy minds to constantly dictate to them helpful means to promote recovery, or to assist them in their own efforts to recover mental balance, no correspondents; and, many times, owing to some cause or other do not get outdoor exercise. On one occasion as I ran over the keys of the piano and sang, a typical crazy woman, who had attended the same school as I had, joined me in the music. She spoke of Miss F., of Washington, as being a beautiful pupil, and referred to Mrs. H., of New York city, who, she said, was the president of the alumnae of the school. When I told her of the feast I had attended at these ladies' homes, and of the house-fire that had caused Mrs. H.'s death, she became extremely excited, even taking the rug from the floor and beating it against the window, and her excitement continued for fully twelve minutes. After replacing the rug upon the floor, she gave to me a long list of names, inquiring whether I had any acquaintance in the list. As I was studying

the conditions of a diseased mind I followed the episode, to learn that during the rest of my stay, which was about eight months, she found a decided *quiet* pleasure in recalling *each item* of information I had given her. Seeing that I was in a position to afford her delight, I spoke with her of our life at school. The result of my interest in her, and of acting as though I had not noticed her mental excitement, was the direct cause of comfort to her. From time to time, she would recall to me items which had given her pleasurable thoughts, saying that was so funny for gold graduation medals to be given to pupils when the Coronation Ode was sung. She told me that she thought it very funny; and here she laughed hysterically, that a pupil had, as a boarder, received a crown because she was only seven years old, played the harp, and was sometimes a good little girl. Seeing on one occasion that this patient was anxious to speak with me privately, I watched my opportunity to give her the desired chance. When I had succeeded, without speaking she drew from her stocking a newspaper. Having done so she presented it to me, saying: "You take this. I found it in the dormitory. You can read it. I intend to think over all the things you told me. You treat me like I had sense, and just like I am somebody." She continued, saying: "It certainly is nice; I expect now I can go home real soon." This is only one of many instances; but this principle answered for the treatment of many other cases. Visit the sick, even when your visits excite them; their excitement does not last so long, nor is it so injurious as the depressing thought that one has been forgotten, or is being neglected. The doctors and nurses see the one effect. But I had the time to *study* the other.

Have you thought to take the patients home? Take them, and give them a trial, and let the trial be for days. I heard more than one patient say, and I observed the fact, that the very thought of going home, of seeing friends, and having liberty caused excitement; so, when you witness a certain excitement of manner, speech, or even tears, do not pay any attention to these momentary feelings; take the patient; give her a trial, lest the want of a trial becomes the direct cause for

severe and prolonged series of hysterical actions, or worse still, for a renewed mental disorder. The great Frenchman, Rochefoucauld, declares that "the blemishes of the mind, like those of the face, increase by age." From the writings of the same author we read that, "Hope and fear are inseparable." Will you, their friends; you, of humane hearts, add to these unavoidable terrors, the agony of anxiety? The method of curing the patients in the Asylum is for the nurse to complain to them of their particular defects. So you, their friends, assist in this method by telling the patients in plain language of their especial deficiencies, hoping thereby that the many well minds will overpower the mental defects.

APPEAL TO OUR LAWMAKERS.

"Here is a field open for genius."

My dear friends, you, who are patients at the Mad-House, have, through your sufferings, sent a message to our Lawmakers; and, that message will be imperfectly, but faithfully delivered. You do not desire any one or more persons to have your personal liberty in their individual keeping. You wish the physicians and other authorities at the Mad-House, and the Grand Jurors and a visiting committee to be made somewhat responsible for your undue loss of liberty. You do not desire to be as "a package" to be left at a Mad-House until called for, or to be doomed not only to the loss of liberty but through the will or the mistakes of others, to associate with lunatics, in a lunatic asylum, until some one person calls for you. Law-makers, experience, blended with good intentions, has directed my labors to reach you. I urge you to construct, with legal "bolts," such laws as will prevent unjust commitment, or an unnecessary detention after a just commitment. The heroic mind is more wanted in this matter than "in the field." For so long as the law resigns the personal liberty, and property rights of an individual, into the

keeping of another, the signing of a certificate, and the board of lunacy entirely under the control of medical men, the nurses left for too long a term, and after my experience, I suggest that a United States mail-carrier be given a list of the patients, and he be required to grant to each patient a chance to give to him, in person, the letter allowed as by law, to be posted outside the Institution. For as long as the law remains as at present just that long are human beings living under a free flag liable to become packages to be left until "called for," at respectable Mad-Houses; therefore, I make my appeal to our Law-makers.

Dear patients, I fell justified in promising you that our noble minded Law-makers, will heed your message to them. They will be as solicitous to guard your rights as their forefathers were, who knowing that their pens could bring down a sword upon their necks, signed the document that defied the mother-country, and procured liberty for us.

Finis

RC 439 .S7 C.1
Sane or insane? -
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 036 801 574

CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-1493
grncirc@sulmail.stanford.edu
All books are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

MAY 22 2003
MAY 21 2003